

# ING GERMAN GAOLS









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*George Price*

A BRITISH ASKARI

*Photo. by Buratt*



# IN GERMAN GAOLS

A NARRATIVE OF TWO YEARS'  
CAPTIVITY IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

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PRIEST OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION<sup>1885</sup> TO CENTRAL AFRICA;  
PRINCIPAL OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, ZANZIBAR

WITH A PREFATORY NOTE BY  
SIR HARRY HAMILTON JOHNSTON  
G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING  
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

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## PREFATORY NOTE

By SIR H. H. JOHNSTON

THE Secretary of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa has asked me to compose a Prefatory Note to the experiences and arguments that follow. I imagine he has done so remembering how closely I have been connected as friend and neighbour with the missionaries of the Mission founded in 1857 by Dr. Livingstone.

My relations with the U.M.C.A. in East Africa began early in 1884, when I was preparing in Zanzibar for my expedition to Kilimanjaro. I had heard much of this Mission from Stanley on the Congo in the two previous years. In order that I might acquire enough knowledge of Swahili to get on with my Zanzibari porters on the Congo, Stanley had lent me Bishop Steere's handbooks. I arrived, therefore, at Zanzibar in the spring of 1884 able to speak Swahili to some extent, and, further, to appreciate the immense additions to our knowledge of the Bantu languages already contributed by Bishop Steere (who died in 1882) and other members of the U.M.C.A. After a long stay in Nigeria and the Cameroons, I found myself back in East Africa in 1889, and once more in touch with the Universities' Mission. I was proceeding to Mozambique and

Nyasaland, in order to found the British Protectorate in Central Africa, and *inter alia* to solve as far as one might without armed force the Arab trouble on Lake Nyasa. Bishop Smythies was absent from Zanzibar as I passed through, visiting on foot his then immense diocese (since reduced to more manageable dimensions). But I received from him an already prepared letter to the commander of the Mission steamer, the *Charles Janson*, on Lake Nyasa, and one or more letters of introduction to Arabs of importance in Central Africa.

The influence of the U.M.C.A. then stood very high with the more intelligent and educated Arabs of the regions between Nyasa, Tanganyika, and the Zanzibar coast, quite a number of whom were not slave-traders. Several among these Arabs recollected Livingstone with sincere affection and respect. One of them, the Jumbe of Kota-kota, had a high opinion of Bishop Smythies—the “Askaf” (the Arab shortening of *Episcopus*). The result of my use of the Mission steamer, and of the friendly relations opened up with the Zanzibari Arabs on Tanganyika and Nyasa (partly due to U.M.C.A. introductions written in the Arabic characters) was that in a few months I was enabled to restore peace (with fifteen porters as sole force !), to make many treaties, and finally to reach the then beleaguered L.M.S. Mission stations on Lake Tanganyika, and then secure for the future British Protectorate access to that important lake. Indeed, our ambitions went even farther. Thanks to my lieutenant, Mr. Alfred

Swann, and to an excellent headman (Ali Kiongwe, formerly in the Universities' Mission service), we were able to conclude treaties and carry the British flag from the north end of Tanganyika to the Uganda frontiers, thus securing the "Cape-to-Cairo" route. This north Tanganyika strip was, it is true, given over to Germany in 1890, in order to come to terms over African matters in general. But for a few months we had at any rate secured under the British flag a continuous Cape-to-Cairo route by land and water. And much of this year's success was due to the cordial relations which the U.M.C.A. had established with the Arabs of East Africa. It must not be supposed that the Mission, under a succession of notable and learned bishops, ever truckled to the Arabs or ever condoned in any way the slave-trade. But it must also be remembered that a considerable number of the East African Zanzibar Arabs (and Baluchis) were not traders in slaves, but in ivory, or had settled down as petty chiefs, planters, etc. They were Orientals and in some cases men of education; and what they appreciated to the full, as they used to say to me, were the fine manners, the pleasant demeanour, of these University missionaries. "Watu hawa, wana adabu, kweli. Si wajinga. Wanajua kumpokea mtu na maneno mazuri,"\* they used to say to me in discussing the Bishop and his clergy, resident and peregrinating.

\* "Of a truth these are men of manners, not ignoramuses. They know how to receive a person with nice words."

Archdeacon Johnson, if I may put it crudely, was worth a regiment to me in the first "conquest" of Nyasaland, a conquest entirely of persuasion, of the tongue. And my eloquence in Swahili, such as it was, derived itself from Bishop Steere's books and my not being too proud to put myself to school with the missionaries at Zanzibar and learn all I could of this Italian-sounding tongue before making my incursion into what is now "British Central Africa."

Lest I should seem to be partial, I might add that in my previous efforts to explore and secure for the British Empire the Kilimanjaro district, the Cameroons, Southern Nigeria, and Southern Tanganyika, I was similarly indebted to the Church Missionary Society, the Baptist, the United Presbyterian, and the London Missionary Societies. All these missionaries hated meddling with international politics, and would much have preferred that the natives should be left to evolve governments of their own; but they felt that since the scramble for Africa had begun, native interests and unfettered Mission work stood the best chance under the British flag. I hope they have not been mistaken, nor I.

In 1884 the Universities' Mission was the leading Missionary Society in East Africa south of the third degree of S. latitude. From Usambara and Zanzibar they extended their range to Unyamwezi and Lake Nyasa. Not unnaturally, they were greatly chagrined when Germany interposed politically, and when such an enormous area of East Africa was

withdrawn from a quasi-British control (the Sultan of Zanzibar, advised by Sir John Kirk and General Matthews). But being told that Germany must have her place in the sun, her opportunities as a great Colonial Power, they made the best of circumstances and thenceforth acted with unwavering loyalty towards the German Government in East Africa. I have never heard this denied by Germans prior to the war. Indeed, Archdeacon Woodward contributed many articles on East African languages and folk-lore to German reports, journals, and reviews, and his influence and his learning were greatly valued by the German Administration of East Africa. The U.M.C.A. missionaries, like myself, recognized that Von Wissmann, who really conquered East Africa from the Arabs, was a man who wished well in every way to the natives, and that he was resolved at all costs to put down the slave-trade and gradually release the people from slavery. I dare say also, like myself, they formed a very high opinion of Dr. Stuhlmann, a later German Governor. At any rate, the U.M.C.A., which had two headquarters on British territory—Likoma, an island in Lake Nyasa, and Zanzibar—continued to extend its work over much of German East Africa, and probably never thought of war between Germany and the British Empire as possible.

But war broke out, nevertheless; and after a few months of hesitancy the German treatment of their missionary prisoners became increasingly harsh and latterly unforgivable. More than this: as soon as the

Germans realized the serious character of General Smuts's attack they began and continued to perpetrate far-reaching cruelties on native clans or individual chiefs suspected of sympathy with the invader.

This behaviour towards British prisoners, British Indians, and British Africans, was not made known to us till a few months ago, and is only perhaps being realized now. So that writing in the *Daily News* at the beginning of December, when not much more than half German East Africa had been conquered and held by us, I discussed the possibility of Germany retaining a part at any rate of her great East African possession *if* she concluded peace with us *at once*, on equitable terms—if, that is to say, she really so desired peace that in many directions she was prepared not only to surrender her conquests in Europe, but to make amends to most of the lands she had injured. But after the new knowledge that has come to us through missionary and military reports from East Africa, the Cameroons, and South-West Africa, I think there can only be one opinion, and that is the abstraction for all time of any part of Africa from being under German rule. If Germany concludes peace in 1917 she may still avert the doom of being excluded commercially from the British, French, Russian, Italian, or Portuguese empires; but if she is to be allowed to return to those parts of Africa she has hitherto governed (between 1883 and 1914), I fear her revenge on the unfortunate natives who have been so ready to side with the Allied troops will be dreadful. Surely in



this question, so vital to them, the indigenous peoples of Africa (and Asia and Oceania) have a right to be heard. We ourselves are striving throughout tropical Africa and tropical Asia to regard our nation as only the fiduciary power holding these lands in trust for the people born in them; perhaps even prepared at some future date to withdraw or lessen our control as the indigenes show themselves fitted for self-government. Wherever we have founded protectorates or established nineteenth-century colonies in Africa, it has been in response to native invitation set forth in treaties. There may have been an Arab caste, a Fula aristocracy, a Zulu horde, that either did not agree with the feelings of the majority or that afterwards repudiated our right to interfere when we abolished some cruel or arbitrary custom. But if we had not been welcomed by the majority of the population we should either not have been their rulers or not long remained so.

In our disposal, therefore, of German East Africa, as of the other German colonies and spheres of influence, let us be guided as much as possible by the prevailing voice of native opinion. If a majority of natives—which is very improbable—petition to be given back to German rule, let us and our Allies so surrender them. But if, on the contrary, they ask for the protection of the flag of some other Power they prefer and perhaps have learnt to like and trust, then do not once again force a square peg into a round hole and induct the German into lands which at the cost of many valuable lives and many

millions of hard-earned money we have already freed from his presence as ruler.

Of all the great African Missions the one which has, in the past, been most "absent-mindedly" treated as regards governmental sympathy with its attainments and results is the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. It was encouraged to plant itself in Nyasaland under the wing of a British expedition, only to be abandoned to its fate—the vengeance of the slave-traders—when the British Government of the early sixties got tired of Livingstone and cotton cultivation and African adventure generally. Sir John Kirk's splendid schemes for the civilizing of Central Africa through the Sultanate of Zanzibar were sacrificed on the altar of German friendship in 1887-1890. And no provision was made at those times for safeguarding the work and the poor little property of the Universities' Mission in German East Africa. The present writer secured for them their Iona on Lake Nyasa (Likoma); that was all.

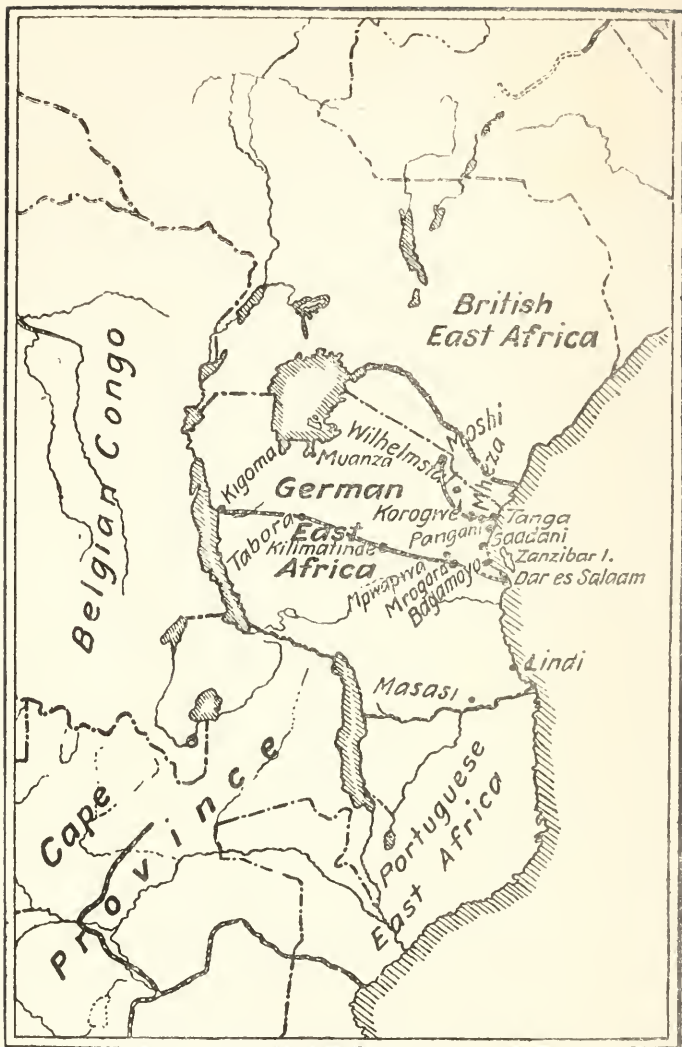
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MAP OF EAST AFRICA.

# IN GERMAN GAOLS

## CHAPTER I

### THE FIRST DAYS

IN those far-off days which were before the war, a German under-officer came one day and pitched his camp close to the gates of the Mission station of Msalabani, some thirty miles from the port of Tanga. Though a military person, he was not acting at the time exactly in a military capacity, for he was being sent round the country as a sort of vaccination officer, and his principal work was to get hold of as many unvaccinated natives as possible and inoculate them against smallpox. He was furnished by the Government with a varied assortment of drugs, with which he was expected to minister to any unfortunate sick people whom he encountered on his rounds; many of these drugs were of a kind not calculated to do much harm even if used wrongly in the hands of so very amateur a medical man, but we were horrified to discover that his store included no less than 8,000 tabloids of thymol for the cure of ankylostomiasis, a disease very common in East Africa, and almost as much dreaded as its name is alarming. I was somewhat relieved to find that he was to a certain extent alive to the dangerous possibilities of thymol in inexperienced hands, and was reluc-

tant to administer it, but what could he do ? for he was expected by the authorities to get rid of his 8,000 tabloids during his round. A solution which commended itself both to him and to us was that he should hand over a considerable proportion of his stock to our hospital; an arrangement which probably saved not a few lives and much discomfort in the district through which he travelled. Some help given to him in his vaccination labours, and the hospitality of the station for the evening meal, combined to place our relations on a friendly footing, one result of which was seen next morning when he came, very much to the astonishment of all our Africans, to join us in our daily worship. After the service, the excited curiosity of the boys could no longer be restrained, and they rushed to me with the question, "Why did the German come to church ? Is he a Christian ?" The explanation that he had been educated in a seminary, but had chosen to be a soldier rather than a priest, mystified them still more, and provoked the reply, "But are any Germans really Christians ?" I reminded them that we daily prayed in church for "Thy servant, William, our Emperor," but left them still doubting; the thought that Germans were Christians did not seem to square very well with their experience.

I have set this little narrative at the beginning of the present volume because it seems to me to illustrate fairly accurately several points which have forced themselves upon our attention in connection with German methods of government and of warfare, and which will recur from time to time to the minds of those who follow my story. The resolute acting upon the scientific fact that a particular drug



is useful in the treatment of a certain disease, to the complete disregard of the capacity of the individual who shall administer it, and of the needs of the individual who shall receive it, is quite typically German; so is the determination to stamp out the disease by any means, even at the cost of much unnecessary suffering and of many innocent lives. The State is everything, the individual is nothing (but a nuisance to be suppressed), is a German axiom, and explains to some extent the failure of German colonial government and its unfitness to rule weak and helpless peoples. The difficulty which my boys experienced in believing that Germans could be Christians needs perhaps little comment. It might have evoked surprise three years ago in some English minds; it is not likely to do so to-day. Much in the narrative that follows serves but to give it a possibly unneeded emphasis.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The end of July, 1914, found me again at Msalabani, the scene of the episode already narrated; this time I was only a passing visitor, spending the college summer vacation in a combination of work and pleasure, and making a tour of school-inspection the excuse for a tour among the beautiful Usambara hills. The German East African liner *Feldmarschall*, due to sail from Tanga on August 7, was to take me back to Zanzibar and another year's work, but, little though I suspected it, events even then happening in Europe, of which we, in our far-away corner of the world, as yet knew nothing, were to involve us in their consequences before many days had passed. The announcement in a special edition of the colo-

nial newspaper that Austria had declared war on Serbia occasioned us some mild but not very interested surprise on Saturday, August 1, but when we heard on the following Tuesday that Russia, Germany, and France had joined in the war, and that as a consequence no English were allowed to leave the colony—although England herself, together with Italy and Spain, had declared her neutrality—we began to feel rather more interest in world politics than had been the case hitherto. Next day the news arrived that England had declared war on Germany; it found us excited, while it produced something like a panic among the German colonists, for they feared an attack upon their coast towns by the British naval squadron, which, if it had come, would have found them in those days totally unprepared to meet it.

However, nothing much happened, and we heard no news of any importance for about a week, at the end of which time we were visited by a lieutenant accompanied by native and European troops, who brought us a letter from the civil authorities, informing us of the outbreak of hostilities and of the decision of the Government to leave the missionaries where they were, to go on with their work in order to avoid giving a bad impression to the natives. We were required to give our parole not to commit any open or secret act of hostility, and were told by our visitor, the lieutenant, that those of us who demanded a safe-conduct out of the country would of course be given it as International law required. We had at this time heard nothing of the German "scrap of paper" theory, and received the assurances of the authorities in all good faith. The re-

quired parole was given, and kept; the resident missionaries prepared to adapt themselves and their work to the somewhat altered conditions in which they found themselves, while the visitors from Zanzibar, of whom there were two besides myself, and one or two others whose furlough was due, began to consider the advisability of asking for the safe-conduct which had been promised. But we soon discovered that life was not going to be quite so simple as, in our innocence, we had supposed, for within twenty-four hours of the lieutenant's visit I had been arrested as a spy.

My arrest was really due to our over-anxiety to conform exactly to the wishes of the authorities. We had been directed that if we were in any doubt as to the regulations which were to govern our movements, we should apply to the military head of the district at Mheza; accordingly, I set out on the morrow, at the request of the missionary in charge, to walk to Mheza—a distance of only about three miles—with the double purpose of interviewing the officer in command there and learning his wishes in detail, and at the same time asking his permission to send a letter or telegram to the Archdeacon, who was stationed some thirty miles away, and whom we thought it well to consult. Before I reached my destination, however, an unwonted sound of bustle and excitement, proceeding from the direction of the railway station, warned me that something unusual was happening there, and I thought it might be wiser to put off my intended visit to the Hauptmann until a more favourable opportunity later in the day. We had heard that an expedition had been preparing to guard against possible trouble from the Masai in

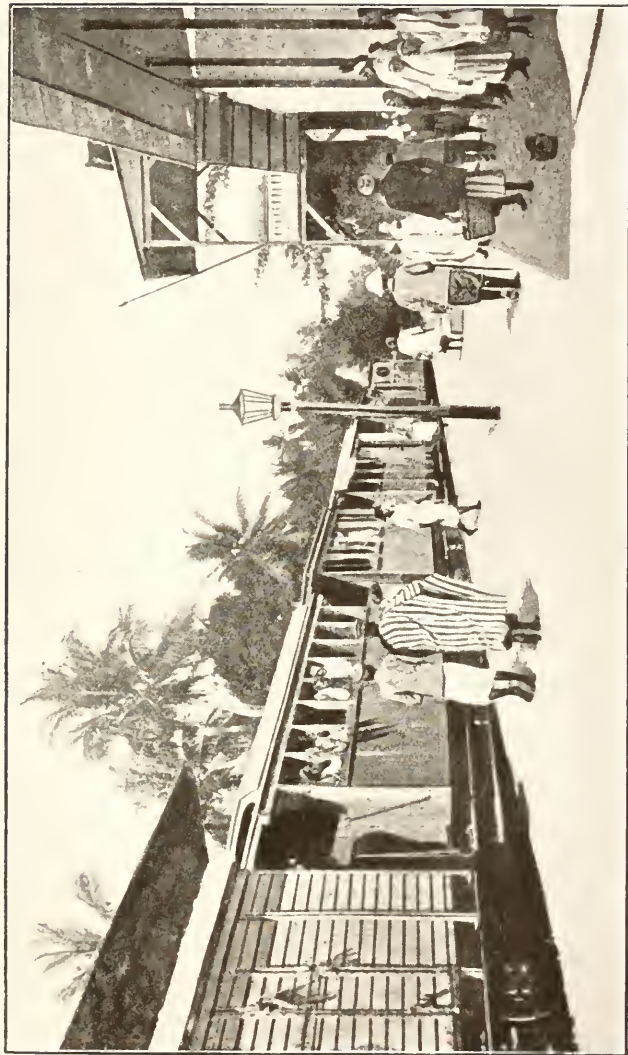
the north, and rumour had it that this expedition would entrain at an early hour this very morning, so what was more likely than that its departure had been delayed, and was the cause of the stir at the station? In any case it seemed unlikely that the Hauptmann would welcome a visit from me at that particular juncture, and so I prepared to retrace my steps towards Msalabani. Little did I suppose at the time that the military expedition, which was as a matter of fact then on the point of starting for the north, was not intended against the Masai at all, but was directed against British East Africa, and hoped by a surprise attack to seize the Uganda Railway at Voi, and so prepare the way for the taking of Nairobi and Mombassa, before the English on the other side of the border could take measures to defend themselves. If I had suspected anything of the sort, it is very certain that I should have stayed at home that day, and so might have been saved my first experience of a German prison; however, that was not to be, and indeed my first experience was less unpleasant than any of those which followed it.

I had not gone far on my homeward road when I heard hurried steps behind me, and, turning round, saw three Germans in uniform who were apparently running after me; I therefore waited for them to come up and asked them what they wanted, whereupon they inquired my name, and, on being presented with my card, asked me most politely if I would kindly go with them to the station. I was much mystified, but had not the smallest suspicion of the truth, being without the key to the situation, and, on arriving at the station, was received in so

polite a fashion by the very Hauptmann, whom I had wished to see, that there was no room for unpleasant apprehensions. He directed me to the booking-office, and it was not until he had got me safely inside that the violence of his manner and the still greater violence of his language showed me that there was something seriously wrong. He expressed in no measured terms his opinion of the English people in general and of me in particular, at the top of an unusually loud raucous voice and in peculiarly bad Swahili, for the space of several minutes, and then left me in the station-master's room behind the booking-office, which was also the telephone-office. There I was left for several hours, during the course of which I made various attempts to get some sort of explanation of what was happening or going to happen, but without result. At last I was taken out on to the platform and put into a post-van with a German guard on either side of me, and kept there until the train was ready to start for Tanga, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. When we reached Tanga it was of course pretty late in the evening, and on our arrival there I was taken to the gaol and locked in a cell for the night. I tried to see someone in authority, but was told that nothing could be done that night, and that I must wait till the morning, when the Bezirksamtman (Provincial Commissioner) would deal with my case. Towards noon on the following day my cell was visited by the judge, who was accompanied by one of the secretaries, and I was asked to make a statement as to the events of the day before; this done, we left the prison and went to the Government House to interview the Bezirksamtman in person. He listened

to the judge's report, and then informed me that I was charged by the military authorities with espionage, because I had gone to the station after having given a pledge not to do so; moreover, according to the information with which he had been furnished, I had run away when I found that I was detected, and hidden in the bush. A further indictment against me was to the effect that I had spent the greater part of the day in the telephone-room at Mheza Station, listening to important military messages. The whole story was a strange medley of untruth and misrepresentation, and on the face of it the case might have seemed serious, but I could see that both the Bezirksamtmann and the judge were inclined to accept my version of what had really taken place as a true statement of the facts. They told me that some mistake seemed to have been made, but that of course they could not accept my word against that of the military commander, and therefore the case could not be settled until they were able to collect evidence which should show on which side the truth lay. I was given permission to stay at an hotel on parole until a decision was reached in the matter, a course which was a fairly plain indication that the Tanga civil authorities at any rate did not regard me as a particularly dangerous kind of spy. I heard nothing more of the charge for several days, at the end of which time I was informed that there was no case against me, and that therefore I was free to go my ways as soon as I pleased; the Bezirksamtmann also gave me, at my request, an official document to the effect that I was not to be regarded as a suspicious person—it seemed possible that such a testimonial might be useful as a protection against future mis-





*Photo. P. A. C.*

# AT TANGA STATION





takes on the part of excited military officers—and promised me a pass out of the colony whenever I chose to apply for it. Altogether we parted very good friends, with mutual expressions of goodwill, he suggesting that I should pardon the mistakes of over-zealous officials in war-time, and I thanking him for his politeness and promptness in ordering my release. He was a civil official in a double sense, and we met so few like him during the long period of our internment that full justice should be done to him and his pleasant qualities.

The next few weeks were a time of considerable strain and anxiety. We were without any really reliable news, although the colonial newspaper published a daily telegram to its subscribers; for there was of course a strict censorship, and what was published was so contradictory that it was extremely difficult to know how much to believe. We heard many rumours about events in the colony, and some of these were not a little disquieting, especially those which referred to our African teachers and other Christians. The Government authorities had urged us to go on with our usual work as far as possible, and had promised not to disturb us in the doing of it, but ugly stories began to come in of the ill-treatment of our Christians by local Muhammadan officials, and of the arrest and imprisonment of teachers in the outlying districts. Refugees from Kigongoi, in the Shambala hills, reported the arrival of a small body of German troops, who had looted the Mission station, seized all the teachers they could catch there and throughout the district, bound them, and marched them off to Wilhelmstal (an important Government centre in the hill-country). We asked

the authorities for some sort of official reassurance, for our position was becoming increasingly difficult; if our teachers were to be arrested and imprisoned for no other reason than that they belonged to us, how were we to continue the work which the Government had asked us to carry on in the interests of public order? If our people were to be bullied by local Muhammadan officers, how could we keep on assuring them that if only they would keep quiet and loyal all would be well? In answer to these representations, we got very little satisfaction; the authorities appreciated the difficulties of our position, regretted the circumstances which caused us concern, but could neither give any explanation of them or any assurance that they would not recur. Apparently, things just happened, no one was responsible; at any rate, all those who might have been thought responsible disclaimed responsibility, and were most ready to express a somewhat meaningless and altogether valueless regret; and so it was all through the war.

So we had simply to go on, making the best we could of a bad job, knowing that our poor people were being bullied and generally ill-treated without being able to help them, and not daring even to protest against flagrant injustice for fear we should be accused of stirring up treasonable discontent, and as a result deprived of all opportunity of ministering to them. We need not have been so scrupulously careful to avoid occasions of offence, for the blow which we so much dreaded for our Africans' sake was in any case soon to fall. We had served the Government's purpose by helping to keep the natives loyal during the first difficult days of the war, their

plans for making and keeping us prisoners were almost complete, and as soon as the machine was ready, it would begin to work; no considerations of justice or right, no pledges previously given, would be allowed to interfere with any arrangements which the High Command in its wisdom should see fit to make.

## CHAPTER II

### ON THE ROAD TO PRISON

ON Michaelmas Day orders reached us from the military commando, through the District Commissioner at Mheza, to the effect that all English people were required to leave the Tanga district at once and to proceed to Morogoro, which had been made the capital of the colony soon after the outbreak of war. The notice that contained this information added that our journey south would probably begin in two days' time. Mr. Keates, the priest in charge of the Mission station at Msalabani, was directed to go to Mheza in order to obtain further instructions, and in his interview with the District Commissioner he took care to make it plain that three of our ladies were not in a state of health to make it possible for them to undertake a ten days' march, and that therefore they would have to be carried. He also begged that he might be granted permission to remain alone at Msalabani, under whatever conditions the authorities chose to impose, in order that he might minister to the many African Christians of the district—a request which was forwarded by telegraph to the military headquarters.

Meanwhile, great was the confusion at Msalabani while we tried to make some sort of progress towards packing for our unexpected and unwished-for journey. There was little time for doing anything, and

that little was very much cut up by the constant arrival of the people of the district—teachers and other Christians, and some heathen too—who were all anxious to say good-bye, to tell us how sorry they were that we were going, and who were all pretty badly scared as to what would be their own fate in the not very distant future. The chief difficulty for most people in connection with their packing was to know just what to pack; as we were only to be allowed two and a half loads (150 lbs.) of luggage a head, including bedding, it became a question of deciding, not between the necessary and the superfluous, but between the more necessary and the less vitally important. Probably no one who was there will ever forget the church services of those last two days: the crowded congregations of people who would not lose their last opportunity, though many of them might have been careless enough about the practice of religion in times past; the electric atmosphere, the tenseness of expectation, the presentiment of approaching persecution for the faith's sake—all these things combined to produce an impression which will persist when many of the events of the years of war have been forgotten.

Late in the evening of the day before our departure a messenger arrived with a letter, giving permission to Mr. Keates to stay behind when the rest of us left, and as a result we went to bed that night with much lighter hearts, for not only would the people we were leaving behind have some spiritual care, but the very fact that such permission had been given seemed to indicate a more friendly attitude on the part of the Government than we had dared to hope for. It was perhaps as well that we did not know

how little ground there really was for such hopes, and that we did not suspect how soon Mr. Keates would be forced to leave, or what would be the circumstances of his leaving.

Next day we had several illustrations of that "perfect organization" with which we had so often heard the Germans credited, and which in the ensuing two years was so often to astonish us—by its imperfections. We had been ordered to arrive at Mheza in time for a train which was to start for Korogwe at three o'clock, but during breakfast a letter from the District Commissioner informed us that we were to be prepared to sleep at Msalabani that night, as the start might perhaps not be made until the following day. At noon a second letter was received, to the effect that we were not to present ourselves at the station for the three o'clock train, but were to await instructions; while a third letter, which came at three o'clock to call us to Mheza at once, bade the ladies not to go at all; they were to remain behind with Mr. Keates—the prospect of providing porters to carry three of them a couple of hundred miles had been too much for the Government authorities, and at that stage of events they were not yet prepared to say that ladies must make long and difficult marches whether their health would allow or not.

When we arrived at Mheza, we found the non-missionary English of the district already assembled there; they were only five in number—four planters and a lady—and so we were now a party of fourteen all told, for we missionary men were nine in all. Our escort consisted of two Germans and a small body of native soldiers, while there were about 200

porters for our loads. Without very much delay the caravan got under way, and we marched that evening about nine miles to one of our Mission stations at a place called Mkuzi, where we were to pass the night. We now found that for some reason or other our route had been changed at the last moment, and that, instead of following the railway line to Korogwe, we were to march along the coast road through Pangani, Saadani, and Bagamoyo, to Ruvu, a station on the Tanganyika Railway, eighty-two kilometres inland from Daressalaam.

We had been told before starting that everything really necessary for our journey would be provided for us by the military authorities, though it might be advisable to take with us any luxuries of food or equipment we might possess, and which would make the journey easier or more comfortable. Soon after we had left Mheza, however, one of our German guards informed me that he could supply neither food nor anything else, as he had received no instructions on the subject; he advised that I should pick up what I could for the party at the Mission station at which we should spend the night, if we did not want to starve on the ten or twelve days' march which lay before us. As a consequence we were fairly busy that evening trying to get together some stores—fortunately, we had interpreted the advice as to luxuries in a pretty liberal sense, and had brought a fair supply of food from Msalabani in case of emergencies—and we also arranged for five of the Christians from Mkuzi to go with us as cooks and “boys.” They were rather inclined to be alarmed at the prospect before them; the length of the journey seemed great to these home-loving Bondeis, while the



fact that it was a German Government "safari" was not exactly of the nature of an inducement to timid folk. However, they were willing to do anything we wanted and to help us in any way they could, so they did not say much about their fears to us, or put any hindrances in the way when we suggested that they should come on so long and so sudden a journey. Next day it was a long and tiring walk across the plain to the sisal factory, belonging to a plantation which extends to the bank of the Pangani river; the manager of the factory seemed to be a friend of one of our guards, and readily undertook to convey us as far as the river itself on the light railway which served the plantation. This was a considerable relief to the whole party, English and Germans alike, as the sun was very fierce, and we were weary; we had started from Mkuzi about sunrise, and it was now just past midday, a most undesirable time for marching in tropical Africa. After leaving the trolleys, we had another march of about an hour and a half into the town of Pangani, where we passed for the time being into the hands of the Bezirksamtmann of the Pangani district. Like his colleague at Tanga a few weeks before, he showed himself a very civil official, and treated us as well as he could under the circumstances; we were decently housed (or as decently as circumstances permitted), were allowed to walk about the town until nine o'clock in the evening, and when we left were allowed to take with us some little tents for the accommodation of those who had none. They were poor little things, and were not really intended for Europeans at all, but they were the best the Bezirksamtmann could afford to lend, and so we were duly grateful to him.





10/400 P. 10 THE STAFF AND SOME OF THE STUDENTS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, ZANZIBAR



We were kept waiting a whole day at Pangani for further instructions from the commando to our guards. One had been more or less knocked up by the march from Mkuzi, and neither of them much appreciated the prospect of ten days' walking, so they were trying to hand us over to someone else; but their efforts failed, and they were ordered to take us all the way to Morogoro, much to their disgust. They seemed to expect us to sympathize with them, but I am afraid that we were not particularly sympathetic; we did not like the journey any better than they did, and they certainly enjoyed better conditions of travel than we—so much better, in fact, that we were disposed to look upon them with envy rather than with the pity they expected. After we left Pangani, we had the benefit of a trolley-line for about an hour and a half; then we had to face a very hot and trying tramp through "nyika"—uncultivated country, with longish grass and low scrub—with the sun at its hottest, and not a particle of shade in sight for hours. However, it came to an end at last, and we reached a large village, close to a wide creek, where we camped for the night; when we arrived at the camping-place, we found that several of our "boys" were suffering from the sun and over-fatigue, and wanted some attention and medical assistance; this hardly tended to raise our spirits, but we did our best for them and for ourselves, and after a night's rest everyone seemed better both in body and mind. Next day we were confronted with a difficulty at starting; we had to cross the creek near which we had camped the night before, and for some time only one small native canoe could be produced for the transport of the party. As the cross-

ing lasted about twenty minutes, and the canoe could only carry about half a dozen people at a time, the crossing of the entire party seemed likely to last a couple of days, to say nothing of the baggage; but at length (such length as perhaps only African travellers will understand) other canoes were found in other villages further along the creek, and we had quite a small fleet at work at last. After the creek was crossed, our road lay for the rest of the day, and most of the next, along the sea-shore; at first the sand was hard and firm and the walking good, but farther on it became very heavy in places, while the large number of small streams which had to be waded made our boots so heavy with water that it required no little effort to drag our feet along. One of our guards, who talked much with me as we walked along the shore, afforded a striking instance of that curious German mentality which was to cause us so much wonder in the days that were coming; he told me that, when the war broke out, he was employed in a German house of business in Zanzibar, and waxed eloquently indignant over the fact that he, in common with other employees, had been required to leave and to cross over into German territory. His principal, and other heads of firms, had been allowed to stay and carry on their business, but he thought it a barbarous act of injustice that he and the other clerks should have been refused a like permission. "They actually sent us out of the country," he assured me, and his voice rang with indignation; "and now we are forced to do military service." I pointed out to him that some of us, who lived normally in Zanzibar, had wished to return there, but that, though promised permission to do so by his Govern-

ment, we had as a matter of fact, in spite of repeated applications, never been granted an opportunity of leaving the colony, and that therefore he was at any rate very much better off than we. He was altogether unimpressed by my argument, and insisted that the case was quite different; we were English, and of course could not be allowed to leave; he was a German, and ought to have been left free to choose whether he would leave or stay. We left the discussion of matters so highly controversial, and he proceeded to give me the latest official news from Europe; he seemed particularly pleased with the sinking of the *Queen Mary* and the *Iron Duke*, an item of wireless news which recurred from time to time with even greater frequency than the fall of Calais, in celebration of which the German population of Tabora held at least three great "beer evenings," to my knowledge.

At the end of the second day's march along the shore we reached Saadani, and here for the first time we had some indication of the fact, which we had not hitherto recognized, that we were regarded as prisoners; though it was not until we arrived at Kili-matinde a week later, and were shut up in the fort, that we realized what was really happening. At Saadani we were made to camp just outside the town on a most miserable piece of ground, damp and horribly dirty, where we were visited by the chief civil official of the town, and not only refused permission to walk about, but were told that the sentries who were posted round the camp had orders to shoot anyone who passed them. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that these orders were probably intended rather to prevent the porters from running away

than to restrain us, and in any case we were much too tired to want to take much exercise that evening; but we did not run the risk of trying to pass the sentries, and sat about on our dirty camping-ground until we retired for the night. One of the guards had been walking all day with bare legs in order to save trouble at the many streams which we had crossed, and the result had been that the sun had blistered his feet so badly that he was obliged to keep them all the evening in a bucket of water in order to obtain some relief. Next day, when it was time to start on again, he could not wear his boots, and so had to be carried, and for the whole of the rest of the journey he marched no more. For about two and a half hours out of Saadani our way led first through sandy swamps and then through thick greasy mud, in which we slipped about in the most tiring fashion, and when at last we got upon drier ground, the heat of the sun and the entire absence of shade made our march most fatiguing. After four and a half hours we came to the River Ruvu, a fast-flowing stream abounding in crocodiles and hippopotami. We Europeans crossed in several batches in a native dug-out canoe; the porters were able to wade across with their loads on their heads after one of the guards had shot a crocodile as a warning to the rest. On the other side of the river we found a couple of trees, which afforded a little shade for a midday camp, but our attempts to buy food from the people who lived in a tiny village near by were completely unsuccessful; even the cassava root, which appears to be grown everywhere, was unobtainable; everything eatable seemed to have been already carried off by the "safaris" of soldiers and transport

which had passed along this road, and when we asked the people what they lived on, they answered in a gloomy sort of fashion, "Only grass." This answer may, or may not, have been quite literally true, but there was certainly nothing for us, and the men we found all seemed a poor, miserable-looking lot.

We reached a good camping-ground for the night about two hours' march beyond our midday resting-place, but it had its drawbacks, not the least of which was the very scanty supply of bad water which was the best we could get.

Next morning we started what was to prove the worst day's march we had known; for the first two hours or so the road was good and shady, and the weather fairly cool, but after that our troubles began. The road led down into a great mangrove swamp, which for about twenty minutes was moderately dry, but then the mud began—thick, greasy, clinging mud, such as is hardly to be found elsewhere than in an African swamp. It reached to the tops of our boots and over them, and in this mud we staggered for at least an hour; then we came to more solid ground again, and thought in our innocence that the worst was over, but, alas! after another half-hour the mud began again, and got steadily worse and worse the farther we advanced, till, as we approached the banks of a big river, it came well up to our knees. The current of this river was very fast, and made faster by a strong ebbtide, while the only means of crossing were two badly-leaking native canoes which it seemed at first impossible to enter, for the banks were high and the depth of the mud made all movement precarious—indeed, it seems difficult to explain why no one was drowned while trying to embark; but



embark we did, though with much trepidation and no little delay. During the crossing we had to sit right down in the bottom of the canoe in two or three inches of water, and appeared to be on the very point of capsizing—not once or twice, but all the way across. However, we made the passage safely, and on reaching the farther side had to step out into water about two feet deep, and then go up a steep bank of liquid mud which came over our knees at every step. An hour more of mud, and we arrived at a slight rise on which were some coconut-trees, and here we rested and waited for the porters to come up; during the next few hours they straggled in, a few at a time, but at last we gave up any hope of collecting them all, and started on for the town of Bagamoyo, where we were to spend the night.

The road now led through huge coconut plantations to the entrance of the town, where we were halted by our guards and formed into a kind of circus procession; the porters were all ordered to sing as they approached the town, in order to draw the attention of the natives, who lined the streets as we passed through. We must have looked not a little picturesque, to say the least of it, covered as we were with mud and dirt more or less from head to foot, and we certainly could not complain of any lack of interest in our arrival. We were the first English prisoners who had been seen, and, being presumably captured in a battle which had resulted in a glorious German victory, afforded an excitement such as Bagamoyo had not known for many days. We were made to wait outside Government House while our escort went in to confer with the *Bezirks-amtmann*, and were surrounded by an excited crowd



of Africans and armed Arabs, the latter looking very absurd in their half-European uniforms, with bandoliers bursting with cartridges, and their big army boots. When at last we got inside the "Boma," I found that the Bezirksamtmann was an old acquaintance, who had formerly been Native Commissioner at Mheza, and had married an English wife. Through his good offices we spent a not unpleasant couple of days at Bagamoyo, during which we managed to get rid of some of the mud from our kit, though some of it, as might be expected, lasted as long as the clothes which it sprinkled. Herr Michels, the Bezirksamtmann of Bagamoyo, holds a warm place in my memory, for he was the last of the few "civil" officials who had shown themselves civil in a double sense with whom I should have to do for very many months, and henceforth we should be strangers to the ordinary courtesies of life which civilized men usually show one to another, which count for so little at normal times because they are taken for granted, but the absence of which involves so much that is disagreeable and indeed positively painful at times.

On leaving Bagamoyo, our two German guards were furnished with donkeys, but the rest of us had of course to tramp as before; the two days' journey to the Tanganyika Railway were almost as devoid of interesting incident as our last camping-place was of shade; and that is saying a good deal. When we reached the Ruvu Station, the sun was at its very hottest, and we had to pitch our tents in the middle of the road, which was as shadeless as the desert; on one side was a rubber plantation without a leaf on its trees, which appeared to have died of the

drought; on the other was some burnt-up grass. We spent our time till sundown in alternate attempts to get a little shade in the tents, where we were nearly suffocated, and to get a little air outside, where we were nearly frizzled. The one redeeming feature of the situation was the shower-bath which we found at the station, but even that was not an unalloyed joy to one of the party, for the water-supply gave out just when he had thoroughly lathered himself from top to toe, and it cost him three-quarters of an hour of considerable discomfort before he could get rid of the soap.

Next morning shortly after ten o'clock the train arrived, and we embarked on what we thought was to be the final stage of our journey; we passed through the most uninteresting country—a great contrast to the beautiful fertile valleys and slopes to which we had been accustomed in the north of the colony; as far as we could see in every direction bare, dried-up scrub filled the picture. After a time, however, we could see the mountains above Morogoro in the far distance, and by two or three o'clock we were among the hills. All the bridges were guarded, there being two or three Germans with a little camp of native soldiers at each, and everybody was very much on the *qui vive*. We reached Morogoro in the late afternoon, but we had no sooner alighted from the train than some exalted military official came rushing up to our escort with orders that we were to get back again and go on some hundreds of miles further to Saranda, the station for Kilimatinde, where our new home was to be, as there was no room to be found for us in Morogoro. However, we were to be given about half an hour's respite in order that we

might get a meal at the hotel near the station, and, while waiting for the necessary orders, we seemed to afford a very considerable amount of interest to the German population of Morogoro, who had assembled in strong force at the station; not a few cameras were produced to take snapshots of our party, some of whom were not a little annoyed at what they considered an indignity. The rest were disposed rather to amusement at the evident pride with which the Germans regarded us; they seemed as pleased as if we had been Field-M Marshals, whose capture bore testimony to their conspicuous skill and courage.

Early next morning we reached Saranda, and were handed over by our escort to a very tall thin Vizefeldwebel, who had come to meet us, and who turned out to be the Commandant of Kilimatinde, with whom we were to have a pretty close acquaintance in the days that lay before us. The breakfast provided for us at the station by way of preparation for the march of seventeen kilometres, which lay between us and Kilimatinde, consisted of a small cup of weak tea, without milk, so we did not have to delay very long over our "meal." There was a good broad road, but as it was quite shadeless, and for the greater part of the way deep in sand, we did not have a particularly pleasant walk; on both sides dried-up grass and scrub stretched as far as we could see, hardly a green leaf was visible all the way, and a more desolate-looking region would be difficult to imagine. We gradually rose as we went on, but the nature of the country did not change, though as we approached our destination, the dried-up bushes became fewer, and large masses of rock began to appear on either side of the road.

We looked for a town, in which we were to be provided with houses during the period of our internment, but discovered that no such town as we had pictured existed; Kilimatinde is a stone fort, built some years ago in case of a native rising, and surrounded by a small, miserable-looking native village. We learned from our guide, whom we did not even yet recognize as our head gaoler, that we were all to live in the fort, but not until we were actually inside the gates did we realize that it was a prison, so far as we were concerned, and that we should not be allowed to pass those gates again (except for our daily exercise, under native sentries) until we left Kilimatinde for another, and a worse, place of confinement.

## CHAPTER III

### KILIMATINDE

THE fort, which was to be our "home" for the next three or four months, stands about 3,600 feet above sea-level, overlooking a large plain, or rather plateau, to which the ground descends sharply some 1,200 feet on the side remote from Saranda. This plateau is bounded about fifty miles away by a range of mountains, and in the dry season, during which we arrived, looks like a great desert, dry and brown, with just an occasional patch of forest, which only serves to make the brown country look still browner. In every direction large herds of cattle are to be seen, but how they exist is a mystery not so easily solved by the inexperienced onlooker, for no grass is anywhere visible. It is true that during the drought they give hardly any milk, and towards the end of it begin to look very thin and poor, but they live somehow, and get into good condition fairly quickly as soon as the approaching rains bring forth the grass.

We found fifteen prisoners already installed in the fort when we arrived, and, as we had picked up at Morogoro an Italian who had been serving with the East African Mechanical Transport, we were a party of thirty all told; the Italian whom we had brought on with us from Morogoro was the subject of great interest both to us and to our gaolers, as he was the

only real prisoner of war in the colony—a distinction which he retained for many weeks. He had been disgracefully treated during the month that had elapsed between his capture and his arrival at Kilimatinde, and we became most indignant as we listened to his story, which seemed difficult to believe when we first heard it; let it be remembered that at that time we knew nothing of the German “frightfulness” which was to make such stories mere commonplaces before long. The rest of our fellow-prisoners were harmless citizens—planters, clerks, farmers, tradesmen, travellers, etc., and two were ladies. In those first days of our imprisonment we were on the whole treated fairly well, and, apart from the fact that we were prisoners, had but little to complain of; the food supplied to us was good and sufficient—we thought it very rough at the time, but at least it was fairly wholesome, which is more than can be said of the horrible stuff which we were compelled to eat not many months later. Looking back, one can seem to date most of our troubles from the attack on Tanga in November, 1914; up to that time the Germans were, to say the least of it, uncomfortable as to the future fate of their colony, but after that unfortunate event they fully expected not only to keep what they held, but to seize British East Africa as well, and that without too much trouble to themselves. Relieved from all apprehension as to their future safety, and intoxicated by their success in the first big battle of the colonial war, they began to treat their unfortunate prisoners in a very different fashion from that which had obtained for the most part in the early days, when their natural brutality had been sobered and kept

in check by a prudent regard for the consequences. But all this is to anticipate somewhat the course of events, though it may serve as a hint towards the understanding of a seeming change of front on the part of the authorities.

Soon after our arrival at Kilimatinde, I wrote a letter to the Governor to protest against our imprisonment in spite of the pledges given to us by the Government at the outbreak of the war, and after about a week a reply arrived, addressed not to me, but to the Commandant of the fort; the letter was read to me, but I was not allowed to handle it, much less to retain possession of it, and it was not altogether easy to determine just what the Governor had written and what was the comment or explanation of the Commandant, who read it to me. The substance of this letter was to the effect that at first it had not been the intention of the Government to move us from our stations, but that evidences that war was likely to reach our neighbourhood had made it necessary to do so (this "reason" for our removal naturally made one wonder why the ladies had been left behind); he regretted the discomforts to which we had been subjected on our journey, but they had been unavoidable under the circumstances; he was trying to arrange for our removal to another and better place, where we should have greater liberty than was the case at Kilimatinde. I never heard anything further from His Excellency on this subject, but I found, eighteen months later, that he had really been making arrangements for our transference to a Mission station, where we should have been interned instead of being imprisoned, but that these arrangements had suddenly fallen through. A com-



parison of the dates is suggestive; the letter from the Governor, promising better treatment and greater liberty, arrived on October 31; the Battle of Tanga was fought on November 3 and 4. If the result of the battle had been different, no doubt we should have received the consideration which we had been promised, but as it turned out, almost all the changes that were made in our treatment during the next two years were to be for the worse.

The first indication of the new state of affairs was a little incident which occurred in the same week as the Battle of Tanga—in fact, on the very day after the news of the battle had been received at Kilimatinde. One of our fellow-prisoners, a large planter who had lived for some years in the colony, had a slight dispute with the German farmer who held the contract for supplying us with food; they both became somewhat excited, and the German seized the Englishman by the arm. The latter threw him off with some vigour, and was accordingly accused of assault. The whole matter was quite trivial, and in ordinary times would simply have been ignored—the “assault,” which was certainly provoked, was only a technical one—but the planter in question, without any proper hearing of his case, was sentenced to five days’ confinement in the cells of the fort. During this confinement he suffered from an attack of fever, notwithstanding which he was refused medicine and even drinking-water, and was compelled to drink the soapy water in which he had already washed. Nevertheless his treatment compares favourably with that of the unfortunate people who were punished with “cells” during the rest of our stay at Kilimatinde, for the place of his confine-



ment was at least relatively clean, whereas they were put into a filthy native prison-cell, with a low corrugated iron roof, which was almost unbearably hot for the greater part of the day, and which swarmed with vermin.

Up to this time subscribers to the colonial newspapers had been allowed to receive them, but now an order arrived from the Staff at Morogoro to the effect that prisoners were to be prevented from getting any news, and the delivery of the papers was accordingly stopped. Henceforth precautions were taken to keep us in the dark as to the course of events both in the colony and in Europe; they became more and more strict as time went on, but were never altogether effective. The arrival of new prisoners from time to time provided us with a more or less reliable source of information, by which we could check the various stories which reached us in other ways; when news was scarce *Dame Rumour* was ever busy, and, though as usual a lying jade, at least provided us with an unfailing topic of conversation. Every now and then a notice in Swahili was posted up for the benefit of native visitors to the post-office, which was situated within the fort, and these notices served to amuse us not a little, even though they hardly served to edify us much. Here are a couple of specimens of the official "telegrams" for native consumption:

"The English have forbidden the practice of the Muhammadan religion, and have closed all the mosques in Nyassaland." This of course followed the proclamation of the Holy War, and the exhortation to all faithful Moslems to pray for the success of the German arms.

“The Indian troops at Mombassa have mutinied, and in a great battle between them and the English very many both English and Indians have been killed.”

These wonderful announcements were always signed either by the Governor of the colony or by the Bezirksamtmann of the district, so as to lend the full weight of official authority to their somewhat surprising statements.

Then not infrequently our guards vouchsafed us information as to the victories which the Germans were winning, the friction between England and her Allies, the imminence of a separate peace for France and Russia, or the success of revolutionary movements at home and in the colonies. So, for example, on New Year's Day we were told that the Russians had been wiped out, the German forces were close to Paris, and that an invasion of England was in preparation. This seemed a pretty fair budget for one day, and a fitting sequel to the uproarious festivities with which they had celebrated New Year's Eve; subsequent experience showed us that festivities of any sort usually produced official announcements of grave disaster to one or other of the Allies.

About the same time that our supply of newspapers was stopped, the allowance which the Government had hitherto paid to the contractor for our food was reduced, and the result was of course at once felt; a lowering of quality and of quantity immediately followed, and was explained to us to be intended as reprisals for the ill-treatment and under-feeding of German prisoners in England. This explanation might perhaps have afforded us more satisfaction if we had been able to bring ourselves





to believe it; but, as we were certain that it was altogether untrue, it only served to add insult to injury, which is probably what it was intended to do.

Here at Kilimatinde we had some practical experience of the gentleman who has caused so much discussion here at home—the enemy alien who has for his own purposes become a naturalized Britisher. We had among us a German who many years before had taken out naturalization papers in South Africa, and so had become a British subject “for business purposes only,” as he was careful on every conceivable opportunity to inform the German guards; he was violently anti-English, which, after all, was only natural, for “once a German always a German” is a rule which admits of very few (if any) exceptions, and this we could have easily forgiven him; but his spying proclivities were not so easily pardoned. He was always hanging round on the lookout for something to report to the German guards, and was no more particular than most of his fellow-countrymen as to the truth, when a lie would serve his purpose better; altogether he could not be regarded as a desirable companion for Englishmen, and the Commandant was requested to furnish him with separate quarters, a request which the “naturalized gentleman” himself was ready to support, as he found himself so cordially disliked at last that he rather feared some personal violence on the part of certain of his fellow-prisoners.

On December 1, 1914, we had a good deal of excitement in the fort; we heard in the morning early that some British naval officers, who had been taken prisoners at Dar-es-salaam, were to arrive about midday, and, as no real prisoner of war (with the

exception of the Italian volunteer to whom reference has been made above) had yet been taken in the colony, the prospect of their arrival set the whole place agog. Towards midday they came, escorted by a strong posse of troops with bayonets fixed; evidently the opportunity of impressing the native population was to be made the most of, and it must be remembered that the carrying off of even four captives would have marked a signal victory to a native chief in the days of the native wars. The prisoners who were already in enemy hands were almost as excited as were the Germans at the coming of these real fighting men, and there was some cheering from the windows as the new prisoners came into the yard. For some reason or other this cheering threw the German guards into a perfect frenzy of rage, and one of them shouted in Swahili to the native troops that if anyone shouted again they were to shoot at once; they probably thought that the cheers were ironical, and meant in derision of the somewhat theatrical entry into the fort which they had just effected—they were in constant fear of being laughed at, and seemed to find it impossible to know when the prisoners were serious; the German sense of humour is almost as ill-developed as his sense of justice. A profound silence fell upon the courtyard, in the midst of which a voice was heard to say "Hurrah!" Fortunately, the native troops did not shoot as they had been ordered to do—probably they did not recognize the word as a "shout," and their orders were only to shoot in the case of any shouting; but, whether shouted or not, the word was audible to everyone, and it could hardly be wondered at that the guards should become

furiously angry at what they must have regarded as an act of open defiance. They could perhaps hardly be expected to stop to consider that an order shouted in Swahili might not be regarded by a prisoner who knew no more of Swahili than of Chinese, and for my part I am not prepared to say that his ignorance of the language in which the order was given was a sufficient excuse for the prisoner in question; he was quite possibly told by one of his fellows why the Germans had suddenly become so angry, and prudence would doubtless have suggested silence under the circumstances. But his foolishness produced a result which certainly could not have been foreseen; the German who had given the order rushed upstairs into the room from which the voice had seemed to come, and ordered a native soldier to identify the man who had spoken; the soldier, who could not have the remotest idea as to who it was, was thereby placed in somewhat of a difficulty, for he dared not tell the angry officer that he did not know—that would have involved him in condign and immediate punishment—so he glanced round and chose the first person on whom his eyes fell, one of the Mission clergy, who, when the cause of offence arose, had been quietly sitting at the table playing a game of chess. The unfortunate priest was at once taken below and thrust into a filthy native cell, without being allowed to say a word in his own defence; it afterwards transpired that he did not even understand why he had been so treated. Nothing could be done that day by anyone to try to get the innocent man released, as the Commandant refused to be seen except in his office at ten o'clock in the morning, and it was then past twelve; but next day one



of his colleagues, who had been in the room the day before watching the game of chess, went to the Commandant and explained that a mistake had been made, and offered to bring several witnesses to prove the innocence of the man who was being punished. The Commandant talked a good deal about the ill-treatment of German prisoners by the British, and especially of the iniquity of taking German women and children in South-West Africa to concentration camps in Natal, as if that had anything to do with the case in point, but refused to consider the matter further until the guilty party should go to him and own to his offence. Someone had offended, and so someone must be punished, whether the offender himself or someone else did not seem to matter. We had many instances of this kind of German justice in after days, but the case I am relating was the first of its kind, and so produced a greater impression upon us than those which were to follow it. The man who had actually called out "Hurrah!" was found, and tried to see the Commandant, but he had left his office, and refused to be interviewed elsewhere, although his would-be interviewer tried his best to get him to do so in view of the urgency of his business; accordingly, the unfortunate missionary had to pass a second day and night in his disgusting place of confinement. Next morning the long-deferred interview was obtained, with the result that the Commandant declared himself bound to accept the "report" of his *askari*, and his consequent inability to reopen the case. "I assure you on my honour as a gentleman that I was the man who called out," said the author of the trouble, but only found himself driven from the office, and



there the matter had to remain; at the end of three days the unfortunate victim was released, having been refused leave to wash during the whole time of his incarceration.

I have related this little incident, with a fulness of detail which is perhaps somewhat out of proportion to its importance, for two reasons; being the first of its kind, it made us all very indignant, more so than subsequent cases of the same sort which were possibly worse in themselves, and this circumstance caused me to make careful notes of it in my diary at the time; moreover, it is valuable as being typical of the German method of dealing with accused persons, and of the German habit of mind. We were told later that the German rule is to regard an accused person as guilty unless he can prove his innocence, and we found by experience that very little opportunity of doing so is generally afforded him.

On January 8 we were told that another prisoner was expected; there was a good deal of mystery about his identity, which was solved of course on his arrival, when he turned out to be Mr. Keates whom, as it may be remembered, we had left behind at Msalabani when we were required to leave that part of the country. He had been arrested very suddenly and without explanation just before Christmas, and required to leave the station, in company with all the ladies, at one and a half hours' notice; he and his party had a very bad journey across country to the Central Railway, hardly any of the ordinary decencies of life having been provided for them on the way. Together with the Europeans, a large number of the African adherents of the Mission had also been arrested—all the teachers who could

be found and a number of other people—and had been put in chains and taken to Tabora, where we found them some months later, when we ourselves were moved there. It afterwards transpired that the Germans had tried to induce some of them to tell a story about Mr. Keates which should go to prove that he had been signalling to the English forces by means of acetylene lamps, and had threatened them with death because they would not undertake to produce this story when called upon to do so. We had become more or less accustomed to German inventions, but this one had even more improbability about it than most, for there were no acetylene lamps on the station, and, had there been any, there had been no English forces within signalling distance; and it is difficult to say why such a story should ever have been invented, or what purpose it was expected to serve. The Germans wanted to take the station and to use it for a training-barracks, and it is possible that they wished to suggest that they had to move the missionaries because they had become subjects of suspicion, but they could just as easily have removed them without assigning any reason for their action, and they had already shown that a previous guarantee would not be allowed to interfere with their plans. However this may have been, the charge against Mr. Keates was not proceeded with, and a demand on his part a little later for an inquiry into the matter provoked a reply to the effect that there was no case against him.

On January 20 we were informed that ten of us were to hold ourselves in readiness to start on the afternoon of the 22nd for another camp, and a great

air of mystery was assumed by the authorities as to our destination, which naturally piqued our curiosity, till it leaked out that we were going to Mpwapwa, a Government post about half-way to the coast, on the road to Morogoro. On the whole, we were not sorry to go, for in our ignorance we fancied that any change was likely to be for the better, and we were more than a little tired of Kilimatinde and its régime; we were, however, not a little concerned when we discovered that the most brutally offensive of the Kilimatinde guards was to go with us and take charge of our new camp, a concern which was to be amply justified by events.

On the day before our departure, one of the chosen ten was very ill, and as his temperature was over  $107^{\circ}$  we begged that he might be left behind and someone else sent in his place, but the Commandant positively refused to make any alteration in his plans, and ordered that the sick man should be carried the eleven miles to the railway station in a machila. Fortunately, when the time for starting arrived his fever had a good deal abated, or he might not have survived the journey; as it was, the risk seemed considerable, but we were powerless in view of the obstinacy of the Commandant, and he had to make the journey with the rest.

## CHAPTER IV

### ON THE UGOGO HILLS

AFTER our three months' confinement at Kilima-tinde, we found the long walk to the railway distinctly trying, and the last mile or two involved a good deal of discomfort to most of the party; of course our German guard was mounted, and arrived fresh, but we were not a little crumpled by the time we arrived at the station. There we had a pleasant surprise; we had to wait nearly two hours for the train, and during that time the official in charge of the station store provided us with chairs on his verandah; this little act of kindness on his part was sufficiently unexpected, but when he went so far as to offer us free beer or mineral-water we could hardly believe our ears. He was a friendly soul, and deserves full credit for his friendliness at a time when a little went a very long way with those who had but little claim on his kindness; I am afraid that the drinks with which he was so ready to furnish us were not his own, but that suspicion did not interfere with our gratitude at the time, nor does it spoil for me at any rate the memory of his hospitality.

It never rains but it pours, so when the train reached Dodoma shortly before midnight we were provided at Government expense with quite an excellent dinner in the hotel, the first nice meal we had had for months; the only drawback was that a stop

of twenty minutes was hardly long enough to do justice to it. We arrived at Gulwe, the station for Mpwapwa, at about 2.30 a.m., and there we found a difficulty; our sick companion had almost collapsed in the train, and had only been kept going by brandy, of which I fortunately had a small supply, and when we reached Gulwe we discovered, much to our disgust, that no provision whatever had been made for his conveyance to Mpwapwa. Our guard pretended to think that he ought to be able to walk the seven or eight miles we had to go, and it was only after a great deal of fuss that he at last managed to produce a donkey, on which the sick man should ride; as it was, he nearly fell off several times on the road as the result of weakness, and we could not but feel that he ought to have been given a seat in the carriage which had come down to the station for the convenience of the German escort. It was of course quite dark when we started on our march, and we were warned that we must all keep close together, as there were lions about, but we arrived without mishap after about three hours' walking, thoroughly sleepy and not a little sore as to the feet, but that was only to be expected under the circumstances. On our arrival we discovered that our real destination was to be Kiboriani, a place on the mountains about six hours above Mpwapwa, but that we were not to proceed thither for a few days; meanwhile, we were accommodated in the native hospital, a small building with a low-pitched roof of corrugated iron, which seemed very crowded when twelve native beds had been placed in it for our use, and which was intolerably hot during the middle of the day, while the flies were a constant plague.

However, notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mpwapwa had its good points—the food was luxurious compared to that which we had been given recently at Kilimatinde, for it included fresh butter and milk-cheese of excellent quality, potatoes, beans, and salad, none of which desirable articles of diet had we seen for a long time past; in fact, if our room had not been so crowded, hot, and generally inadequate, and if we had been allowed to walk about a little instead of being beset by native soldiers as if we had been dangerous criminals, we should have quite enjoyed our short stay.

After four days at Mpwapwa, we started off for our new prison in the hills about six o'clock in the morning; the road first led straight in a westerly direction for about an hour, then turned north towards the mountains, passing a Mission station of the C.M.S. at a place called Kisokwe, where we looked with somewhat envious eyes at fruit-trees and other delights, and then began to ascend a high narrow valley, following the course of a nearly dry mountain stream, which we continually crossed and recrossed. We mounted higher and higher, very gradually for the most part, till at last we saw the plateau far below us, and found ourselves very much among the hills; after about five hours' walking the advance guard of our party arrived at its destination, 6,500 feet above the sea. A stone house, with a roof of corrugated iron, had been built on the top of one of the highest hills to serve as a sanatorium for the C.M.S., and during the hot season their workers had been wont to come up from the dusty plains for a fortnight or three weeks of rest and mountain air. But circumstances alter cases, and a neighbourhood which may





THE KIBORI DINEING-ROOM





be desirable enough in the hot dry season would not be everybody's choice in the wet cold time, when the sun is seldom seen before about eleven o'clock; a house intended for a maximum of a dozen persons is apt to be somewhat crowded when forty have to live in it (and it was not long before we reached that number); while freedom of movement and a decent food supply, mere commonplaces though they be in most people's lives, are more important than many realize as aids to happiness and health. However, at first we were allowed two hours' exercise each day, as had been the rule at Kilimatinde, and we were not unbearably crowded, as there were only a dozen prisoners in the house (we had been joined on the railway by two from Tabora). Each couple had a separate room—it only measured nine feet by seven and a half, but there was room for two native beds; the food could not have been described as good, but it was better than what was to come, so altogether it is true to say that though we fancied ourselves badly off, our state might have been worse, and indeed, soon became so. There was a large common room in the middle of the house, but of course that was taken over by our German guard, and we therefore had to feed in the church, a mud and stick building with a mud roof, which leaked so furiously when it rained that there was generally a succession of small lakes on the floor; before long our guard declared the roof to be dangerous, and had a large hut built of poles and grass; this erection was euphemistically styled the dining-room, but it needed almost as great a stretch of imagination to picture it as a room as it did to regard any meal which was eaten there as a dinner. The thatch was so badly

put on that we always got wet when it rained, and the wind, which always seemed to blow up at Kiboriani during the cold months of the rains, was almost as great a discomfort as the wet. Our first evening in the hills was not altogether unhappy; we had reached the end of a very tiring journey, and were glad to rest; we thought that we were going to receive somewhat more liberal treatment than had hitherto been our lot, for we were assured by the German in charge of us that we had been sent with him to form the nucleus of a new camp because we were considered the best behaved and least troublesome of the Kilimatinde prisoners; and the sunset that night was a dream of glory, one of the finest sights I ever had the privilege to see in my life. As the sun went down in a mass of red and golden splendour it showed us range after range of hills below us to the west as great masses of the deepest blue and purple, and, as the sun sank from sight, great golden clouds hung over what looked like a veritable valley of death.

A week after our arrival, orders came from Staff Headquarters at Morogoro to the effect that for the future we were not to be supplied with lights in the evenings, as the supply of lamp-oil in the colony was beginning to run short; this meant that after about half-past six we had to sit idle until it was time to go to bed, and then perform our evening toilet as best we might in the dark, a most uncomfortable process. Two days later we were told that another order had been received, which forbade prisoners to buy anything in the colony, as an act of reprisal for the British blockade of the coast; if this had applied only to imported goods we could

hardly have grumbled, but as it was so inclusive as to apply even to the locally-grown tobacco, we should have found it a serious deprivation had we not been able to smuggle some in through the assistance of the native guards, who both here and elsewhere showed themselves generally ready to do the prisoners a kindness for a small baksheesh, and were for the most part decidedly more favourably inclined to the English than to the Germans.

The heavy rains, which now began, tested rather severely the iron roof of our house, and I discovered that a canvas bath under the place where it poured through was the only way to keep my blankets reasonably dry; moving the bed was out of the question, owing to the smallness of the room, and one had to be fairly quick with the bath as soon as the rain began, if the mischief was not to be done before preventive measures could be taken. Two days after the arrival of the order about buying goods (or, to speak more correctly, about not buying them), all our money was taken from us as a precautionary move; as a matter of fact several of the prisoners managed to conceal a certain proportion of their funds, and were generally willing to lend small sums to those who had none, so we were never entirely destitute, but there was practically nothing that could be bought in so remote a spot without the knowledge and consent of the authorities. The native soldiers could only get us very occasionally a little wild honey, so, with the exception of the native tobacco to which I have already referred, even those wealthy prisoners who possessed two or three rupees found their illicit riches of but very little use to them at this time. When our money was taken,

we were assured that it would be restored to us on the day of our release, but as a matter of fact, when the time of release came, we were given, instead of our honest silver and gold, some wretched "war notes," printed by the colonial newspaper office, which were of no real value at all.

We had been at Kiboriani a fortnight when we received the first addition to our numbers in the shape of a party of U.M.C.A. missionaries; they were the staff of the Korogwe station, who three weeks after the beginning of the war had been interned at Wilhemstal, whence they had just journeyed; they had been more fortunate than our party, in that their imprisonment had not begun so soon as ours, but of course their internment had not been all that could be desired. They had had a bad journey, without tents or mosquito-nets even for the ladies, and two of them soon suffered a good deal from a severe attack of tick-fever, caught in the dirty sheds in which they had been obliged to sleep.

A night or two after the arrival of the Korogwe missionaries, a lion took it into his head to pay us a visit, and walked steadily between the rows of huts in which the native soldiers lived; the sentries fired, but of course did not hit him, and, having completed his inspection, he went off, apparently to report favourably to the other beasts, for about two nights later a leopard strolled past the house within a yard of our bedroom window; it would almost seem as if he were less pleasantly impressed than the lion had been, and took away an evil report to his friends and neighbours, for we had no more such visitors.

Then another order arrived from Morogoro, concerning sugar this time; owing to the scarcity of

sugar in the colony, prisoners were to have no more, though, as we soon after discovered, there was abundance of sugar in the colony, colonial grown and manufactured, and quite a large trade was done in it right up to the time when the English and Belgians seized the sugar-growing districts in 1916; and even then there was a sufficient stock to keep the shops going for months.

The Korogwe party had been with us a fortnight when we were joined by five of the prisoners whom we had left behind at Kilimatinde; they brought us news which made us both sad and indignant at once. Mr. Keates had developed a very severe attack of blackwater fever, the result without doubt of the conditions under which he had been forced to travel after his arrest, and as there was no one who could nurse him at the fort, application had been made by the doctor to the Chief of Staff for permission for one of the interned English Mission nurses to go and look after him. This application had been curtly refused, on the ground that missionaries ought to look after themselves and one another, and his life was in serious danger as the result. The doctor had thereupon strongly protested, and washed his hands of responsibility for the result, while the Commandant himself appeared to have backed up the doctor's protest. We heard later that the consequence of all this was that the Staff reversed its previous decision, and allowed a nurse to go, but the week's delay which resulted very nearly cost the life of the unfortunate patient, of whose recovery there seemed very little hope indeed, when at last the nurse arrived. It was characteristic that the nurse in question was required to pay her own ex-

penses, being charged even for her board while working—a prisoner for another prisoner—in Kilimatinde fort !

Two days after the arrival of the Kilimatinde five, we were informed that a prisoner in another camp had attempted to escape, and that therefore the permission we had hitherto enjoyed to take two hours' exercise daily would be withdrawn, and that instructions had been given to the native guard to shoot anyone who passed to the further side of the sisal hedge which grew round the house; from this time forward we were confined rigidly, until we were released from the camp in Tabora on the approach of the Belgian troops. The solitary exception which served to prove the rule was one day while we were still at Kiboriani, when our German guards took us for a short walk.

We now began to suffer a good deal from the miserable food which was supplied to us, and which we now had no opportunity of supplementing with what might have been more palatable and nourishing; our only cereal was an inferior grain of the millet family, grown by the natives for beer and never eaten by them unmixed (except perhaps in time of famine) owing to its irritant effect. Our "bread" was made of this grain; boiled balls of it, or fried cakes of it, were a substitute for vegetables. After a while we had some potatoes once a day, but we were only once provided with green vegetables during the four months of my stay on those Ugogo Hills. As we knew that good maize was to be had within two hours' walk, and that fresh vegetables were procurable in abundance now that the rainy season was upon us, we wrote a letter to the Staff at Morogoro,



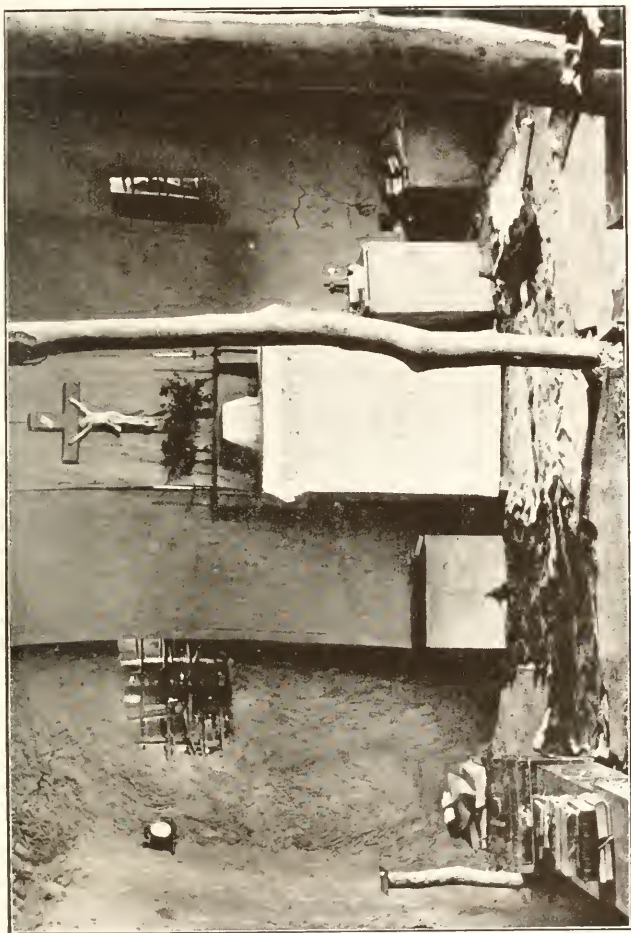
in which we pointed out most humbly and respectfully the bad effect our diet was producing on our health, and begged that it might be altered and supplemented in the directions which medical considerations seemed to suggest. A reply came with exemplary promptitude which informed us that no alteration would be made, and that any further "complaint" would be punished severely. Our Commandant's real opinion of the food value of the grain supplied to the prisoners may be gathered from the fact that when he bought some pigs for his own use, he considered that it was not good enough for them, and obtained for these pigs the better meal which he refused to supply to the prisoners under his care.

On March 24 we were told that we must not expect "decent treatment" for the future, as information had been received in the colony as to the outrageous way in which German prisoners were being treated in England, and this information, which was official and therefore quite certainly true, had made the Governor exceedingly angry, and resolved to make us pay the just penalty of our country's evil deeds. A week later our Commandant, who had been paying a few days' visit to Headquarters, returned from Morogoro and told us that he had received new instructions from the Chief of Staff as to our treatment; these new instructions were communicated to us somewhat gradually, but were all, as we expected, in the direction of greater severity. A "punishment cell" was built in the yard, and we were warned that anyone who failed to say "Good-morning" and to take off his hat with the required degree of politeness, whenever he saw any of the guards, or any

other German, man or woman, would be locked up in this cell for at least three days and fed on bread and water. This question of politeness seemed to be a regular obsession of our German guards at Kiboriani; when we were paraded each morning and evening, we were constantly harangued about German *Kultur* and the barbarous rudeness of the English, a favourite example being the fact that whereas an English gentleman does not take off his hat to a lady until she first bows to him, a German takes his hat off to a lady whether she recognizes him or not. We were told that, being now under German control, we were to learn German manners, by force if necessary, and much more to the same purpose, at great length and often repeated; it was constantly urged upon us that, the German race being altogether superior to our own, we must seize every available opportunity of recognizing that superiority, and paying tribute to it by every means at our disposal. There was really no excuse whatever for all this fuss; no one showed the smallest disposition to be rude in any way to the German guard—on the contrary, everybody was anxious to avoid giving occasion for the exercise of that tyranny which is so dear to the heart of a German official. The Commandant was a brutal bully of notoriously bad character, who used every opportunity of humiliating the unfortunate people who were in his power, and, if his spite was balked in one direction, he sought with considerable ingenuity another way of venting it upon his victims.

The "punishment cell," which now awaited those who should be guilty of offences against German manners, was a small hut, the framework of which





*to face p. 36*  
THE MUD AND STICK CHAPEL IN THE PRIVILEGE CAMP AT KIBORIANI



was of poles and the walls and roof of grass-thatch, so thin and so badly put on that the rain poured almost continually through the roof and blew through the walls; it was only large enough to take a plank bed, which was its only furniture, and afforded but very slight protection against the cold, from which we suffered even in the stone house and in spite of our fires there. Its first victim was a young planter, who, quite unintentionally as I believe, had offended against the German code of manners; the Commandant was careful to order that during the three days of his imprisonment he was not to be allowed to use more than one blanket (in the stone house, and in spite of fires, we found three blankets none too many), and he took the trouble to go and see for himself that this order was carried out. The result was what might have been expected under the circumstances: at the end of his three days' solitary confinement, the prisoner was scarcely able to walk, and had to be helped to bed and given restoratives, while during the eighteen months that elapsed before our release he never succeeded in throwing off altogether the effects of those three days in the cold and damp.

Good Friday, April 2, provided us with a series of sensations; we were trying to say some prayers about nine o'clock in the morning, when we were suddenly called upon to go and stand in line, and, having done so, were addressed by the Commandant, who informed us that orders had arrived from the Chief of Staff directing him to search all our boxes and other possessions for firearms and other weapons. It appeared that one of the prisoners at Kilimatinde had been found to have a pistol in his possession, and this discovery was the cause of the general search

which was now to take place. After listening to the Commandant's harangue, we were required to stand outside the house while our boxes were carried into the yard and our rooms searched; there seemed to be some fear that we should try to hide anything compromising among our goods, if we were allowed into the rooms. However, as no one was found to possess anything of an illicit character, the excitement of the Germans began to die down towards the end of the search; but, in accordance with instructions, all our luggage but a single box was stored in what was called the "magazin," which was merely a partitioned-off portion of the grass hut which was our dining-room. We were not at all sorry to get rid of the boxes from the tiny rooms in which we had to live and sleep, but were not a little concerned at the prospect of having them stored in so wet a "storeroom"; the change seemed to promise ruin for whatever could be affected by damp, and there is not much which is capable of resisting without injury the attacks of an African rainy season. However, there was of course no remedy, and so we had to submit to this plan for spoiling our goods. The search and the subsequent "storing" of our boxes lasted about two hours, after which we were left in peace for a short time; but not for long, for soon after midday we were told that six new lady prisoners were expected to arrive on the following day, and that we should be obliged to move our quarters somewhat and squeeze more tightly together, so as to make room for them. Not many minutes later I was called and told that the ladies, who had been expected on the morrow, were actually already in sight, and that therefore the

contemplated move must take place at once, in order that they might have a room into which to go on their arrival.

When they reached us, we discovered that they were the U.M.C.A. Mission ladies from Masasi, in the south of the colony; their journey had involved a march of about 400 miles, and had occupied forty-two days in all, so they were naturally exceedingly tired and very glad to have come to the end of their many journeyings. Kiboriani was now fairly crowded, and when nine more of the Kilimatinde prisoners arrived a few weeks later the little 9 ft. by 7½ ft. rooms had to accommodate four persons each, and six were put into each of the larger rooms, which measured 15 ft. by 9 ft; this of course made it impossible to use even small beds, and so rough erections were set up of poles and rope which bore a distant family resemblance to ships' bunks, but were so shaky that when a man turned in bed he shook the whole erection, and as a result we all had rather disturbed nights until we got more or less used to these strange conditions. About this time the Commandant took it into his head to forbid us to have fires in our rooms, though it was bitterly cold even during the day; but, fortunately for our health and happiness, this particular prohibition did not last very long.

On April 22 our house-boys were taken away, and we were told that for the future we should have to do all our own work; this action on the part of the authorities may be regarded as the ending of the fiction that we were "interned civilians," and not "prisoners of war," and as the prelude to the "war work" which a little later was to cause so much

indignation and heart-burning at Tabora. The history of the house-boy question was quite a little comedy in itself; at first, before we left Msalabani, we had been told that servants would be provided for us by the Government during the period of our internment, then, on the very first day of our journey prisonwards, we were told that we were expected to provide them for ourselves, and so we missionaries who had none with us picked up what we could at the station at which we spent the first night of our march. When we reached the station at Morogoro, orders were given that all the boys who had accompanied the prisoners so far could not be allowed to go any further, but as the result of a vigorous protest from one of the planters in the party, they received permission to proceed as far as Kilimatinde, and we were told that then they would be obliged to return to their homes, and others would be allotted to us by the authorities. As soon as we reached Kilimatinde it was arranged by the officer in charge of the fort there that, owing to the difficulty which he found of procuring "boys," we should all retain our own until such time as substitutes could be given us. In due course these substitutes (and singularly inefficient substitutes they were) arrived, and our own boys were at once sent away; we were required to pay them and to provide them with money for their journey, but were assured that all these moneys would be repaid on our sending in our claims to the proper authorities; after a few weeks we were directed to make out these claims and to hand them to the Commandant, which we did—and that was the end of them so far as our knowledge has gone up to the present. When we arrived

at Mpwapwa on our way up to Kiboriani, we found a group of new boys waiting for us, and were told that we were to have one attached to each couple of prisoners; these were the boys who had remained in our service ever since, and were now to leave us for good.

On May 10 an order was received from Morogoro which directed that the prisoners were to "take exercise" daily from four o'clock till six, and, as a consequence of this order, we were taken for a walk on the following afternoon; this walk, which was not repeated in my experience, was rather an amusing proceeding: a native soldier with a loaded rifle went in front and another, similarly equipped, followed behind; our two German guards came with us to see that we did not stray from the path, and the pace was that of a funeral march so as to insure that we should all keep very close together. In this fashion we advanced about a third of a mile, and were then ordered to sit down and rest; when we had rested for half an hour or so, we returned as we had come. From the point of view of exercise our promenade had not much to be said for it, but as a slight relief to our most monotonous life in prison, it was rather agreeable than otherwise.

Our stay at Kiboriani was now drawing to a close, but, before closing this chapter, it may be well to say something of the news, which we were given from time to time by our German guards, of the progress of events in Europe. This news, which consisted for the most part of wonderful German victories in the field and of revolutions in various parts of the British Empire, was, I believe, told us in all good faith; the Germans were much too ex-



cited and delighted to leave room for any suspicion that they had doubts as to its truth. What pleased them most, I fancy, was the fall of Calais, which took place (according to the German official telegram) on the night of February 24-25; it was the third time that the capture of this important port had been announced in the colony, and the celebrations on this third occasion were even more joyous than the previous ones had been, which is saying a good deal. I remember suggesting to one of the guards that there might be some slight inaccuracy in the telegram, and reminded him that twice previously the same news had come, and had afterwards been explained away, but he would not allow himself to be in any way discouraged, and declared that he was quite convinced of the correctness of the report; it was more detailed than the two previous ones, and therefore must be true. Another piece of news which gave great satisfaction to the Germans was that which told of the revolution in London, in the course of which Lord Kitchener and Sir Edward Grey were hanged by an angry mob in Trafalgar Square. Belfort was taken twice, and the *Queen Mary* was sunk on no less than three occasions before the Battle of Jutland. One conversation with the second in command at Kiboriani remains in my memory with a degree of vividness which it scarcely deserves; he came into the grass hut which served as our dining-room and posed, as was his wont, as the prisoners' friend, who always did his best to shield us from the severity of his chief. Engaging us in friendly conversation, he asked where we proposed to live after the war was over. "You will of course, be unable to stay in



this colony," said he, as it were regretfully, "for no English will again be permitted to settle in any of our colonies, and when we have taken British East Africa we shall not be able to allow British subjects to remain there. You may think of going back to England, but that is not likely to be allowed either, as we shall not want any more English to go there and spoil it for us." All this certainly sounds fantastic, and seems to suggest that the official in question was trying to amuse himself at our expense, but, knowing him as I did, I am not at all doubtful as to his perfect seriousness; what to us sounds simply fantastic seemed only natural, sober common sense to him, and he was by no means alone in holding such opinions, which were quite common even among educated and otherwise intelligent Germans in the colony. It was a very important official indeed who declared that after the present war the Union Jack would no longer wave anywhere on the African continent, unless indeed the Germans should generously allow us to retain the Cape Peninsula as a coaling-station on the way to India, in view of the fact that for the future no British ships would be allowed to pass through the Suez Canal. On the whole, news and opinions of this kind served only to amuse us, but there were days, when perhaps people were sickening for fever or suffering rather more than usual from the results of the unwholesome food, on which the more pessimistically inclined allowed themselves to begin to wonder whether after all, there might be something at the bottom of these nightmare stories; fortunately, such days did not come too often, and the pessimists were but few in number, or the health of the camp might have

suffered more than it did, for depression of spirits would have had as bad an effect as the physical difficulties and drawbacks to which we were obliged to submit.

On May 21 a letter arrived from Morogoro, ordering that twenty-three of us were to be moved from Kiboriani to Tabora, in order to make room for the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, who up to this time had been interned on their stations and were now to be imprisoned like the rest of the civilians; they were fortunate to have escaped so long, and had owed their comparative good fortune to the fact that their stations were all situated well in the middle of the colony, and therefore sufficiently far away from any military operations. Our departure was fixed by the General Staff for the morning of Monday, the 24th, but quite characteristically this order was countermanded on the Sunday evening—after much of the luggage had been sent off. The new order directed that only twelve of the party should start on the Monday, and that the rest should follow on the Thursday; as, however, I was to be one of the first party, the change of plan did not make very much difference to me. I had been kept at Kiboriani for about four months, the most disagreeable four months in my life, but, little though we believed it at the time, we were to be prisoners for four times four months yet, and the worst part of our experiences lay before us.



A GROUP OF PRISONERS IN THE PRIVILEGE CAMP AT KIBORIANI

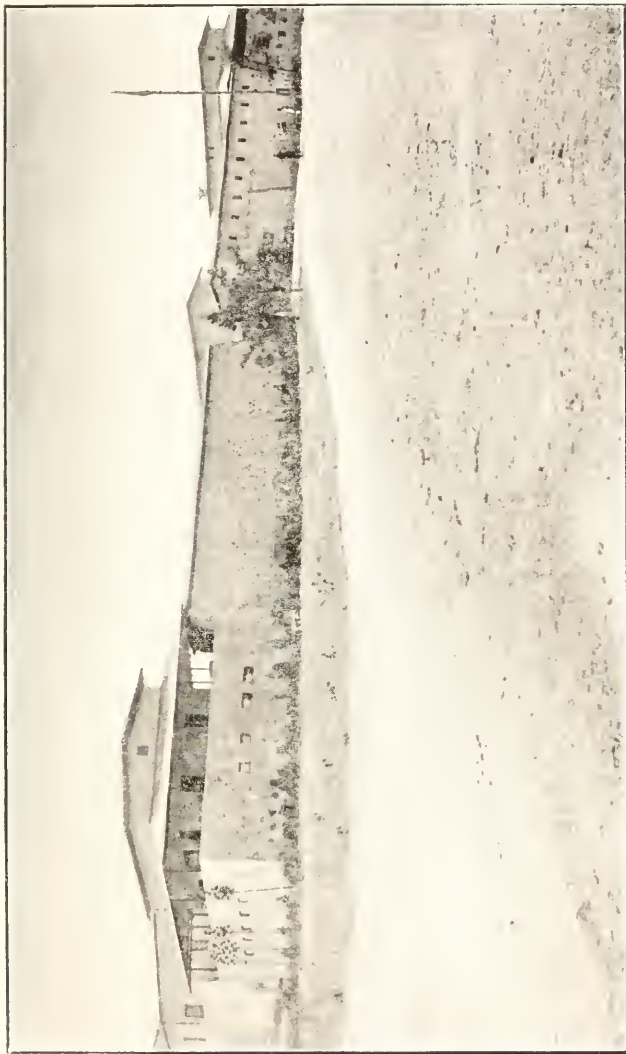


## CHAPTER V

### AT TABORA

WE left Kiboriani at about seven o'clock in the morning and walked down the mountain to Mpwapwa, that place of grateful memory, where we had been fed well four months earlier, and we found it worthy once again to be remembered through the days that were coming, for they gave us a meal which served as a topic of enthusiastic conversation for months (one must have lived in a German prison to sympathize with those who make food the subject of so frequent thought and speech); good soup, chicken and rice, and fruit, formed a menu of almost incredible luxury to those who had been condemned to food not considered good enough for a German's pigs. In the late afternoon we reached the railway at Gulwe Station, and had to wait there about five hours for the train which should take us on to Tabora, the last of our prison-homes. Some cold meat brought with us from Kiboriani served for our supper, and about half-past ten the train arrived, whereupon we were handed over to a German who had come through from Morogoro to act as our escort. The train was crowded, and we had to sit bolt upright all night as a consequence, and so could not get much sleep. Next morning we suffered a severe disappointment; we had been promised breakfast at Saranda and a midday meal at another station

further on, but, when breakfast-time came, our new guard told us that we should have to go without, as he had been given orders before leaving Morogoro that the prisoners were to be provided with no food at all during the journey; he assured us that he had pointed out to the Chief of Staff that the journey was a long one, and that meals of some sort would be necessary, but that his protest on this point had not been listened to, and that therefore he was helpless in the matter. The worthy man was evidently somewhat ashamed of his orders, and came back to us a little later in the morning to tell us that he was sorry for our hungry state, and was willing to order us a meal at a place called Malongwe, if we were prepared to pay for it. As all our money had been taken from us, this good-natured suggestion was of very little use, but it served to show that our escort was better than his orders, and, considering how few Germans showed any sort of decent feeling during our two years' experience of prison-life, the instances which we did meet derive a special value and are worthy of emphasis. Tabora Station was reached towards the end of the afternoon, and quite a little comedy was played upon the platform, where a considerable crowd of Germans, both military and civilian, had assembled; our poor little escort seemed terribly alarmed by the sight of so many great personages, and, so far as appearances went at any rate, was very much more uncomfortable than we were. He reported himself to a particularly haughty officer, and diffidently suggested that carriers should be provided to take our belongings to the prison-camp; the exalted personage, of whom the request was made, snorted and



THE FORT AT TABORA





pooh-poohed the suggestion, and we were told that we must ourselves carry any luggage that we wanted at the camp; the rest would be fetched the next day. Some of the party declared that they were unable to carry a load, and this led to another long and excited discussion, at the end of which we were informed that we might have the services of some small black boys who were hanging on the outskirts of the crowd, if we cared to pay for them. As I had already shouldered my kit-bag, all this did not greatly interest me, but I was mildly amused at the inordinate amount of fuss which our lords and masters seemed to think necessary for the settlement of so small an affair as the conveyance of a few prisoners and their belongings from the station to the camp. We found afterwards that the excitement was the result of the fact that no order had been given by Headquarters on the subject of our luggage, and in the absence of definite orders, even the highest official present did not care to take upon himself the responsibility of doing or deciding anything; it was a symptom of that very German defect which we so constantly observed, a result of overdrilled obedience—the entire lack of personal initiative and of any sense of personal responsibility.

The prison camp to which we were now taken had been intended for military and naval prisoners only, and the senior guard seemed somewhat put out by our arrival. Only a fortnight previously the few civilians who had been for a short time in his charge had been moved to Kilimatinde, and orders had been received to the effect that no others were to be sent to the camp, so to anyone who took German orders seriously the unexpected advent of another

batch of civilian prisoners must have been a little worrying. The camp at Tabora, which was supposed to accommodate 200 prisoners, had only about thirty sailors and soldiers in it up to the time of our arrival, and so for the first few days there was plenty of room; but the population increased with unpleasant rapidity and we were very unpleasantly crowded as to sleeping accommodation before we had finished. A piece of sandy ground about ninety-five yards square had two long corrugated iron sheds built at right angles to each other along two of its sides, and an elaborate barbed-wire fence enclosed it on the other two, while a number of small buildings, most of them also of corrugated iron, filled up a good deal of the central space, and were used as kitchen, sick-rooms, storerooms, carpenter's shop, etc. There were a few trees which afforded some welcome shade, and a good deal of unwelcome work, for the prisoners were required to carry many buckets of water from the public well, about 400 yards distant from the camp, and pour it into trenches dug at the foot of these trees. This form of labour, known officially as "watering the trees," was one of the most unpopular of all the tasks required of the prisoners, as it was generally recognized that it did the trees no good, and had only been invented to give the prisoners much trouble. One of the best features of the Tabora camp was the "bathrooms," a set of nine cubicles with cement floors, in which one could enjoy an "all-over" wash from a bucket; they were not available until the afternoon, so in the morning we were required to perform such ablutions as were possible at a wooden bench, which stood outside the shed which served as our sitting-room by day and

our bedroom by night. This was not very pleasant in the wet weather, but when it was dry it was not so bad, when one had got over the unusual publicity of it all. To some of us the discomfort of living always, day and night, in a crowd, and a noisy crowd at that, was perhaps even more unpleasant than the actual hardships which we had to bear at times.

When we first arrived at Tabora, the food seemed to us a very great improvement on that at Kiboriani (though after a time it certainly got worse in several respects), and the arrangements of the camp, though they involved a good many rules which were somewhat tiresome, were much better than the want of all proper arrangement in which we had been living for the last four months. We were allowed, in our new camp, to remain outside in the yard until nine o'clock in the evening, at which time we were required to go to bed, and this permission—so long as it lasted—was a very grateful change to us who for so long had been each day confined to our rooms at half-past six. It so happened that on the night of our arrival there was a very fine bright moon, and, tired though we were with our long journey, we quite enjoyed sitting out in the moonlight after our evening meal and comparing notes with our new companions. The great drawback to life at Tabora in those early days (the drawback increased and multiplied as time went on) was undoubtedly for most people the work that they were compelled to do; the clergy were exempt on the ground that they ranked as officers, and a few of the other civilians were excused on the ground of age (though some others equally old were not so excused); but all the rest

were ordered to work together with the naval and military prisoners. The work demanded of them was undoubtedly such as never ought to have been set to white men in a tropical country, and that for two reasons: it was in several instances too hard to be done by white men under a tropical sun, and the health of not a few certainly suffered as a result of it. Some of the men were unprovided with sun-helmets for months, and exposure to the sun was of course especially bad for them. Moreover, much of the work was calculated, and deliberately calculated, to degrade them in the eyes of the natives of the country; they were made to clean latrines, not only our own, but also those of the German guards and of the native soldiers; and those who know anything of the African mind can understand what the natives would think when they saw white men engaged on such a task, a task which they themselves would refuse to perform, except under the strongest compulsion, inasmuch as they regard it as causing defilement, and therefore only fit for slaves. While the new guard-house, which when we arrived was approaching completion, was being built, the prisoners were forced to act as labourers to the native masons engaged on the work, although there were many native prisoners available; and under black escort they carried the water, sand, etc., to those masons, who of course fully appreciated the situation—so strange and so unexpected as they must have regarded it—of having white men under them to do their more menial tasks.

They were compelled to drag a waggon loaded with Government stores through the streets of the town, and when engaged on this work were halted



THE TABORA WATER-WAGON

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for half an hour or so in the native market, while crowds of natives came round to jeer at them, as they saw them do the work of oxen; while this work was going on, instructions were sent to the camp that the men pulling the waggon were not to take the road past the Governor's house, as it offended His Excellency to see men who were not decently dressed (many of the poor fellows had practically no clothes) passing his garden. We were told, and I believe truly, that all this work and much more of the same kind was ordered by the General Staff at Morogoro; it was required of prisoners of war and of civilians alike, until the invasion of the colony by British and Belgian troops threatened the safety of the Germans, when, as we shall see, it was gradually discontinued, until at last, by the time the Belgian columns were close at hand, all the menial labour was ordered to be done by natives.

When we first went to Tabora, a Greek was allowed to come into the camp either once or twice a week to sell us tobacco, and after a week or so he took to bringing other things for sale as well, such as fruit, wild honey, colonial-made sugar, etc. We were not allowed to buy anything which had been imported, and our total expenditure was not to exceed fifteen rupees a month, which, as prices were very high, did not mean a very liberal supply; but the concession, such as it was, proved a very great boon, especially when the food supplied in the camp became worse; if it had not been for what we bought for ourselves, I doubt whether we should have got through our imprisonment even as well as we did. After a while the Greek's coming was stopped, and we were no longer allowed to draw the fifteen rupees

monthly from our little store of money which the Germans held; instead of this a new arrangement was introduced by which we might buy from the German cook who controlled the camp-kitchen; he presented his accounts at the end of each month, and they were paid from the guard-house and the amounts debited against our accounts there. As his stock was very limited and his prices enormously high—far higher than the very high prices which the Greek had demanded from us—we were then much worse off, but even so we were glad to get anything eatable to supplement our most inadequate rations.

On May 28 we heard that Italy had come into the war on the side of the Allies, and the few Italians who lived in Tabora were brought into the camp as prisoners; from this time onwards their countrymen from various parts of the colony kept arriving at intervals, and each new party as it came of course brought us fresh news of the outside world, which, as it may be imagined, we were not a little eager to get. When the Italians from the north-west of the colony arrived, they included several who had borne arms for the Germans; it appeared that they had been told that Italy was fighting in Europe in alliance with Germany and Austria, and at Muanza, the port on the south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the farce of flying the Italian flag side by side with their own had been kept up by the Germans for several months.

When we had been at Tabora about three weeks, we were suddenly told one morning just before breakfast that, if we wished to do so, we might write a short letter home; by agreement with the Admiral, a British man-of-war would come into Dar-es-Salaam



in a few days' time and take our letters to be forwarded to Europe via Zanzibar. We were warned that our letters might not contain any reference to the war, or to political matters, or any criticism of the German administration, which of course considerably narrowed the range of what we might say; we were most of us glad, however, of the opportunity of assuring our friends that we were still alive, as we had had no previous chance of communicating with them in any way, and we felt sure that they must be not a little worried at the long continued lack of news. These letters were as a matter of fact handed over to the English, and reached Europe in about two months' time; those which we were told we might send on two subsequent occasions were never despatched from the colony. Some ten days after the writing of these letters home a mail was given out to us—probably brought in by the cruiser which took our letters out—and this was the only one which we were allowed to receive during our two years' imprisonment, though we had reason to believe that others were sent in to us; the absence of all news of our relations and friends was not the least of the trials of our long confinement.

On July 20 two of the English Mission nurses arrived for work in the camp; a short time previously the chief military medical officer had paid the camp a visit of inspection, and we had then suggested to him that he might like to utilize their services in this way, and he had been pleased with the suggestion, and had acted upon it without much delay. Up to this time, the medical arrangements of the camp had been of the very crudest and most unsatisfactory kind; a military doctor, who had been

in nominal charge of the health of the prisoners, had visited the camp about once a week—a visit which, for all the good it did, might just as well never have been paid, for it rarely lasted so long as ten minutes, and, as a rule, involved only the most casual glance at men who were even seriously sick. There was a great deal of malaria and other complaints, and men who were ill got neither medical attention nor medicine, except at the whim of the guards, who sometimes even refused quinine to those who were suffering badly; there was no attempt of any kind to provide suitable food for the invalids, who were quite unable to eat the ordinary rations, and as a result there was a good deal of unnecessary suffering. With the arrival of the nurses things began to improve; some care was taken of those who were attacked by fever, drugs were of course given out to those who needed them, and, after a time, a small supply of milk, etc. (which was abundant in the neighbourhood), was allowed for the more serious cases. The improvement was of course due to the nurses, who worked hard both to do what they could under most difficult conditions and to secure little privileges as to food, etc., for the sick men who most needed them. After a time, when the camp became full of prisoners, a civilian doctor who was practising in Tabora was appointed to the medical charge of the camp, and he did his utmost for all his patients; he was severely handicapped by the fact that he was only a civilian, which meant that he was practically powerless to ensure the carrying out of any of his recommendations (orders he could not give), and his care for the sick caused him to be somewhat suspect by his own countrymen; but, by steady per-



*Photo, F.N.I.*

# TABORA MARKET

*To face p. 6*



sistence and occasional visits to the Governor to insist on some specially important matter in which he could not induce the authorities to move, he was able to effect something, and earned no little gratitude from the unfortunate people for whom he took so much trouble. It is only fair to state that the nurses who worked in the Tabora camp were on the whole well treated; they were regarded as Red Cross workers, and as such were allowed a certain amount of liberty—they were permitted to walk about the town at times—were given officers' rations, and were housed in a separate room (it was only a portion of a corrugated iron shed partitioned off from the rest, but it insured a certain amount of privacy and a good deal of dignity), and generally treated with politeness by all the guards.

In November, 1915, we were told that, as the result of an agreement between the Governor and the British Admiral on the coast, we might make application, through the German authorities, to the Admiral for any clothes and other necessities which we required, also that if we wished we could have money remitted to us from England or from Zanzibar. The guards were very violently annoyed because we refused with one consent to make the suggested application, and they said that, seeing the state of destitution in which many of the prisoners found themselves, such a refusal must be the result of a want of confidence in the honour of the German authorities, and a consequent fear lest the things asked for should never reach us. As a matter of fact, the particular guard who was most angry at our seeming lack of confidence had told us only a few days before that if any parcels should be sent to us,

of course we should not get them intact, as the Germans would help themselves to what they fancied before anything was given out to us, and, though he may have been indulging in a somewhat heavy jest, it can, I think, hardly be wondered at if, altogether apart from what any individual German should say, whether in jest or in earnest, we should be a little lacking in that full and implicit trust in German honour which our guards seemed to think that we ought to show. The sequel to this incident was not a little amusing: a few days later we were compulsorily measured for suits of clothes, hats, etc., and were told that in spite of our protests a complete outfit would be applied for on our behalf. Whether this application was ever made, and whether, if made, it was ever responded to, we never learned; at any rate, the clothes, whether sent to us or not, did not reach us, and we did not very seriously expect them, so we were not greatly disappointed.

At the evening roll-call on Tuesday, November 9, four of the prisoners—two Italians and two Boers—were found to be missing; they had got away between the evening meal at six and the calling of the roll at nine, and none of the guards had noticed their absence until they failed to answer to their names. There was terrific excitement at their escape, and a tremendous access of vigilance as a result of it, together with a disposition, which I suppose could hardly be wondered at, to punish the rest of us, who had not run away, for the misdeeds of those who had. We were treated as very naughty school-boys, and given to understand that we were in terrible disgrace; the most unpleasant feature of

our punishment was that we were henceforward locked in our shed at seven o'clock each evening, instead of being allowed to stay in the yard till nine. The place was very close and hot at the time we were locked up for the night, as the result of the afternoon sun beating on the iron wall; the temperature was generally over  $90^{\circ}$  when we had to retire, and as the doors were locked and the windows not made to open, there was no chance for the place to get aired as it ought. There were also far more unpleasant consequences of being locked in our sleeping-sheds for eleven hours at a stretch, which cannot very decently be put on paper. The doctor did his best to get this rule modified on sanitary grounds, but the military authorities utterly refused to listen to his warnings. After the lapse of about a month the fugitives were caught and brought back to the camp, where they were punished; our punishment was, however, made a permanent one, though the guards had suggested to us that it was only to last until the escaped prisoners should be recaptured.

The next excitement after the escape of these prisoners was the arrival of some presents for the camp, sent in by the British Admiral; they were for the most part some much-needed clothes, together with some tobacco and a little in the way of provisions, these last chiefly for the naval prisoners, who belonged to ships which were still off the coast. A large proportion of the presents were evidently intended for the Indians, of whom there were at this time rather more than 300 in a camp, where they were confined with some African prisoners about a mile away from us. Five of the cases were from Zanzibar for us missionaries, and con-



tained tobacco as well as clothes; so for a little while we could both give and get a good deal of pleasure, in a small way, by asking those who had not tasted European tobacco for over a year to fill their pipes from our newly-arrived tins. A great deal of fuss was made about the unpacking and distribution of these loads of presents; four of us were taken down to the railway station by the head guard to see the seals broken on the waggon which contained them, and we had to certify that the number of packages taken from it was as stated on the protocol. We were later required to check the contents of each case and of each parcel in each case, and each man had to sign for each article that he received, after which we witnessed that he had received them as stated. Our refusal some little time before to avail ourselves of the permission to order clothes, etc., for fear we might not get them, seemed to have borne some fruit, for the Germans were not only honest in the matter of these parcels, but were more than anxious to let their honesty appear both to us and to the British authorities to whom the protocol was to be sent. Of all the things in the parcels, though the tobacco was a great source of delight, and socks and boots were a very real boon to men who had had to do without for months, I think the most valued was the soap; for a long time past no soap had been given out in the camp, though there was a large soap factory at work close to Tabora; and many had found it difficult to wash their bodies satisfactorily, and almost impossible to wash their clothes, without any soap at all.

Christmas brought us a great surprise; we were provided with quite a "festa" on the Eve, which

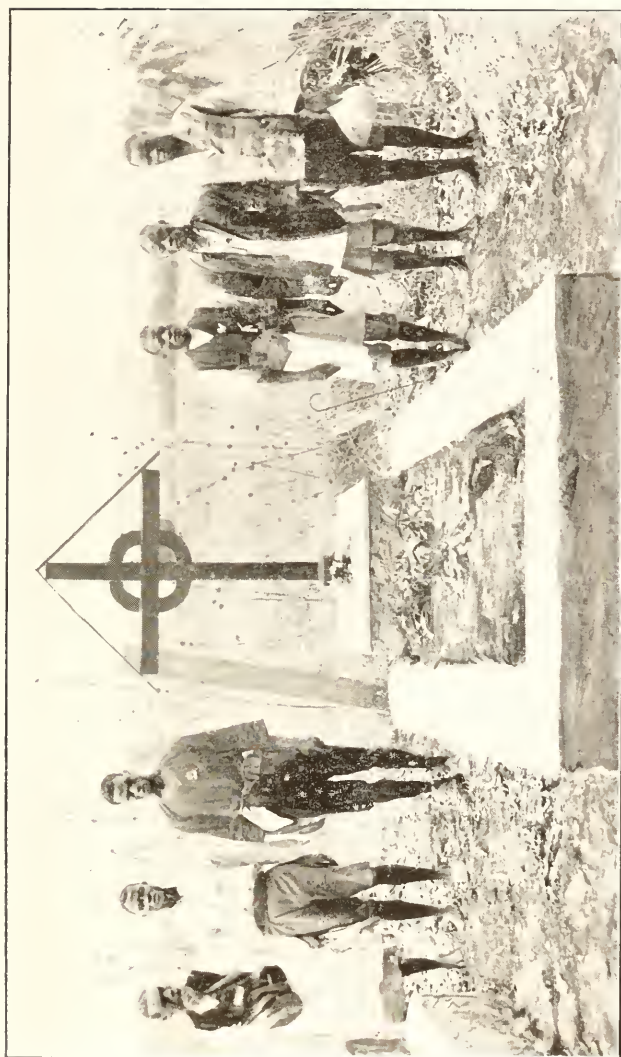


was to some extent continued on the day itself. The evening meal on Christmas Eve was better than usual, though we should have certainly found it unattractive enough under any other circumstances than those to which our prison life had made us accustomed. But the great effort was to follow; as soon as the evening meal was over, the benches and tables were moved outside into the yard, which began to assume the appearance of a very inferior beer-garden, and, when we were seated, we were served with punch and an abundance of cakes, somewhat of the doughnut order, which undoubtedly seemed to us, after our long experience of prison diet, exceedingly good. After the open-air eating and drinking came to an end, the benches were carried back to the dining-room and set round the walls, the room and the verandah outside having been decorated with palm-branches and looking quite festive, and the prisoners were allowed to amuse themselves with singing and dancing until ten o'clock. The Germans seemed very anxious that the festivities should go off well and that we should enjoy ourselves, and they were most kind and friendly throughout; this remarkable change of attitude was largely incomprehensible to us, but we believed it to be due at least in part to our new senior guard, who produced a good impression on the camp from his first day. He was not long in charge, as a certain Kapitän-Leutnant Kendrick came in charge of us on New Year's Day; it is perhaps doubtful whether he would have been capable of running the camp long, even if he had not been superseded, as we found that his devotion to the bottle interfered not a little with his capacity for his job; however, he

was a friendly soul, and certainly meant well as far as we were concerned. He did not leave the camp after the arrival of the new Commandant, but had no real power; his chief anxiety towards the end seemed to be that the English should come quickly and take him prisoner, for he was convinced that he would be better off with them than he was in Tabora. I rather fancy that he was right, though the difficulty of procuring alcohol may have worried him not a little.

On the Sunday after Christmas, Archdeacon Birley, one of our Mission party, was given leave to go under escort to the native prison camp to minister to the Christians there; this was a great concession, as these unfortunate folk, who had been prisoners as long as ourselves for no offence at all—save that they were Christians and had received their Christianity from an English Mission, and were therefore presumably regarded as suspect—had been deprived of religious privileges for over a year, and this was a real hardship to them, especially in view of the fact that all their sufferings were due to their religion, and the Muhammadan soldiers who guarded them did not fail to remind them of the fact.

Next day the camp was thrown into gloom by the death of one of the Mission priests, who had been struggling for some weeks with an attack of typhoid, and who succumbed just when we were beginning to hope that the worst was over. We buried him in the European cemetery, eight of the service prisoners acting as bearers; all the British in the camp were allowed to go to the funeral, as were two of the Italians (to represent the rest), a Frenchman, and two Belgians; even the guards seemed to be some-



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THE GRAVE OF THE MISSION PRIEST IN TABORA CEMETERY



what upset by his death. It was not the first funeral we had had in the camp, but it seemed specially sad because he had been so strong and robust—he was certainly one of the strongest men amongst us—and his death appeared to be so directly the result of the unhealthy conditions in which we were confined, and therefore, humanly speaking, so unnecessary, that one could not help regretting it the more.

On the morning of New Year's Day we were each given three little cakes at breakfast, and then directed to parade at nine o'clock in our *best clothes*, as the newly-appointed Commandant was coming to inspect us. He made quite a pleasant little speech, wishing us a happy New Year and a speedy return home, and informed us that for the future the war telegrams would be posted up in the camp for us to read. From all this we hoped for the beginning of a better era so far as our general treatment was concerned, but there were some planters among us who knew our new Commandant and his reputation in the colony, and they warned us not to be too sanguine, lest we should be too grievously disappointed; their fears were not altogether without reason, as the sequel showed.

One day early in January the whole camp was seized by a desire to get weighed, myself among the rest, and there was a sort of competition as to the man who had lost most weight as the result of the nourishing (?) food provided for us by our kind hosts; I was beaten on the post, as it were, by a man who had lost forty pounds, for my own loss of weight was only thirty-eight.

Then, when our new Commandant had been with us about a fortnight, we were called to parade one

morning to hear a new and stricter set of rules read out to us; we were told that they had been ordered by the Staff at Morogoro as a result of the attempted escape of the four prisoners to whom I have made reference above. Of course it is quite possible that this explanation was the true one, although more than two months had passed since the attempt to escape had been made. In addition to the early locking up at night, which we had found so trying, we were now ordered that no man was to have more than one hat in his possession, and that this was to be left in the mess-room after the evening meal; also each man must have only one pair of boots, which must be given up to the guard at seven o'clock in the evening; no slippers were to be permitted, etc. All our extra boots were taken from us in accordance with this order, and put into the storeroom, whence the best of them were stolen (as we believed by the German guards, who were somewhat badly off for foot-wear), and so when we sought them again later there was of course a great to-do because they could not be found. In my case the Commandant admitted that the authorities were liable for my loss, and promised that I should receive compensation, which promise, like so many others, was never fulfilled. One of our number, who was stung by a scorpion in the shed one evening, went to the Commandant and begged that he might be allowed to wear some sort of covering on his feet to protect him from a repetition of his misadventure; he was told that the rule could not possibly be relaxed, and that as for what he had urged about scorpions, scorpions had no right in the dormitory !

A few days after the new rules had been published,

the prisoners were invited to go and make coins for the Government, and were promised pay at the rate of six rupees a day if they would do so; other privileges were also held out as a special inducement to anyone who would undertake the work. All the British refused, but a few Italians agreed to go, though on further consideration several of these withdrew their names. The Germans seemed surprised at the refusal of the English, and made several attempts to induce them to reconsider the matter, until at last a naval C.P.O. pointed out to one of the guards that British prisoners could hardly be expected to look favourably on a suggestion which involved "assisting the enemy," even though to refuse it demanded a certain amount of personal self-denial to men who were in some cases practically destitute. It was most important to the Administration to get these coins made, and they naturally wished if possible to secure the efficient doing of the work without employing too many of their own mechanics, who were solely needed for purely military purposes. The time for trying to secure the assistance of mechanics among the prisoners was cleverly chosen, for they were suffering from the new rules which had just been put in force, and might have been supposed to be in a mood to do almost anything to procure some alleviation of their condition.

At the end of January a party of fifteen prisoners arrived from Kilimatinde, and fifteen from our camp were ordered to go to take their places. This "exchange of prisoners" was the result of an outbreak of typhoid at Kilimatinde, which apparently scared the Germans not a little; people who had already



had the fever, or who had recently been inoculated against it, were to be sent to Kilimatinde, as presumably possessing comparative immunity, while those who were supposed to be more liable to catch it were being sent to us. As there was typhoid also at Tabora, the arrangement did not seem to be altogether without flaw, but the authorities were not particularly strong at correlating plans, and the decision to remove certain persons from one camp, as being an infected area, was probably taken independently; when the question of their removal arose, Tabora was naturally the only convenient place to which they could be sent, and the question as to whether it also ought to be regarded as an infected area was discreetly left out of sight.

At the end of February most of the Italians who were prisoners with us were allowed to leave the camp and go to live in the town on parole; they were given no maintenance allowance, but were required to sign an undertaking to do any work demanded of them by the civil or military authorities, so far as such work is allowed to prisoners of war under International convention, for which work of course they would be paid. They were able to report themselves twice a week at the camp, but were otherwise free to do pretty much as they liked; and though some of them undertook various jobs for the Government or for private firms in order to provide for their living, I do not think that the paper they had been required to sign was ever used against them. After some time three of these prisoners on parole were brought back into the camp, because they refused to sign a still more stringent undertaking as to their willingness to serve the Adminis-



tration, but eventually the authorities discovered that Italy and Germany were not officially at war, and accordingly released all the Italians who were left in the camp, and treated them henceforth as neutrals. Some of them showed us no little kindness, and availed themselves freely of the permission, which was by that time granted, of sending in to us from the town fruit, cheese, and other luxuries. I am, however, anticipating events when I speak of such concessions; their day was not yet, and we had to pass through harder times before it should arrive.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END

ABOUT a week after the release of the first batch of Italians, spoken of in the previous chapter, another attempt at escape afforded an excuse for even worse treatment than before of the rest of us in the camp. Three men got out during the night through the corrugated iron wall of the shed in which they slept, a piece of the iron having been partly removed previously in order that they might effect their purpose without too much noise; their attempt was somewhat of a dare-devil nature, and was apparently none too well planned—at any rate, they were retaken after two days, and were very harshly treated when they were brought back to the camp. For some time they were left tied up with ropes, and then for many days were confined to darkened cells, which were also to a large extent airless, as they were made dark by fastening up the grating, which was practically their only means of ventilation; this in the tropics seemed to be somewhat unnecessary barbarity.

Meanwhile, the rest of us, who had nothing to do with the attempt to escape, but were perhaps supposed by the guards to have been more or less concerned in it, were called upon to suffer a good deal as a result of it; we were all made to sleep in one large shed, to which we were confined (let it be re-

membered) from seven p.m. till six a.m., and which contained no proper sanitary arrangements. At one time the number of prisoners in the shed was eighty-six, and then there was so little room that every man's bed touched his neighbour's; there were two rows of beds with a narrow gangway in the centre, up and down which native guards with loaded rifles marched all night; they were relieved every two hours, and this arrangement made sleep difficult, while from time to time (sometimes several times in the same night) Germans with heavy boots came to visit us, and flashed lanterns in our faces to make sure that we were still all there. The fact that we were of as many as ten different nationalities did not add to the comfort of the situation created by the way in which we were crowded together, while the different ways in which the native guards in the shed contrived to make disturbing noises were almost too numerous to record: they coughed violently, they spat vigorously about the floor, they slapped themselves loudly on the chest, they played in the most irritating fashion with the bolts of their rifles, they knocked against the frames of our mosquito-nets as they passed our beds, they rattled their bayonets against the corrugated iron of the wall; in fact, if one was suffering from a fever-headache, existence in that barrack was a very good preparation for a worse Inferno than ever Dante imagined. However, we were not greatly depressed by all these trials, bad as they were, for a short time before this state of things began the arrival of some prisoners taken on the border had been the means of informing us of what was happening in the outside world, and we learned, to our intense satisfaction, that a really

serious invasion of the colony was in preparation. We hoped, as the result of the news which we now heard, to be free in the course of another three months, and although as a matter of fact we underestimated the time by about a half, the certainty that the invasion was beginning, and the assurance we had that it would be successful—whether soon or late did not matter much—made us ready to bear with some cheerfulness even worse things than those which came upon us. After a time even the Germans admitted that the colony was being seriously invaded, though they did their best to make as little of the fact as possible, and every now and then got some amazing news of a German success, which was usually found, after a short interval, to cover a fresh defeat. We were told one day by a guard, who certainly appeared to believe what he said, that a large Turco-German force was advancing up the Nile for the relief of German East Africa, and on another occasion that several thousand Europeans, who had escaped when the rest surrendered in South-West Africa, were making their way across country to relieve their brothers in German East from the West; this latter piece of information caused quite an excitement among the Germans, who seemed ready to catch at any straw of hope, whenever one presented itself.

As the invasion proceeded, wonderful reports were circulated from time to time, which occasioned the Germans great delight until they turned out to be false. Some time after the fall of Moshi, it was said that Moshi had been recaptured as the result of a great battle in which the British forces had been completely defeated and had fled, leaving 3,217 dead

on the field. This wonderful story, which had not a single grain of foundation, was circulated in widely different parts of the colony at the same time, and therefore must have come from some source having opportunities of circulating news such as no ordinary private individual could possess; it was commonly supposed that the Staff was responsible for it. A similar tale was told about Kondoa Irangi, some weeks after its capture by the British forces, though in this case the losses were said to be somewhat less; this Kondoa Irangi story so excited the guard who took the morning parade in the prison camp that he formally announced it to us with a great air of triumph, and it was not until several days later that the Germans discovered that it was a hoax.

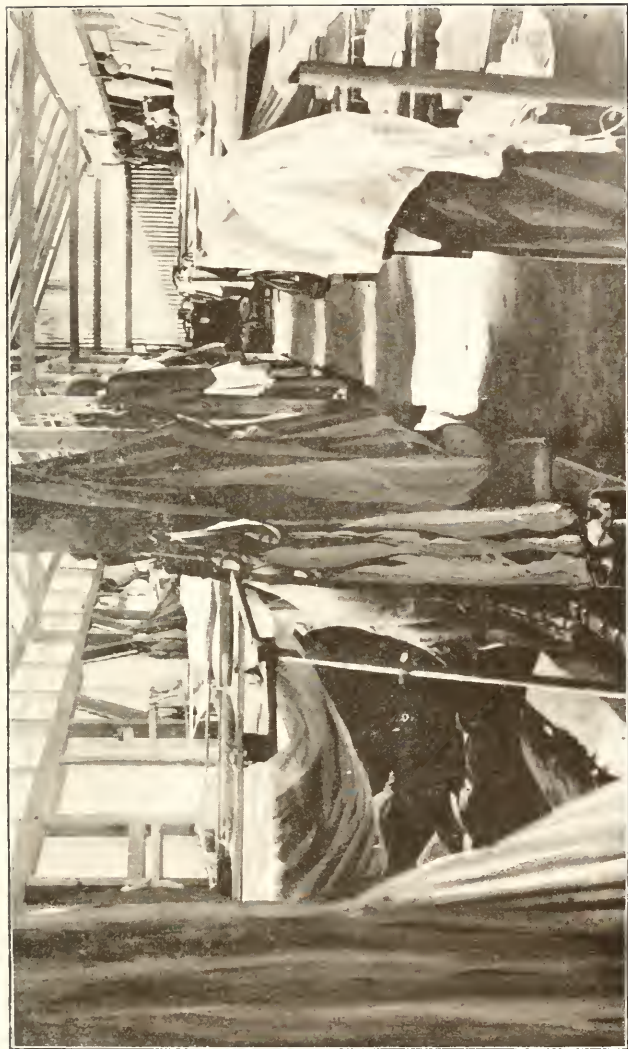
On March 24, the first batch of prisoners, taken during the new big push from the north, arrived in Tabora, and from this time forward we got some real news, which was fairly up-to-date, and which enabled us to laugh very heartily at the German news which was served out to us from time to time. Some of the new prisoners, who had been taken by the Germans in the south-west campaign also, taught us how to estimate the value of German bluff; we heard that in one camp the prisoners were paraded one day and told that they were to be ready to be moved to another prison within half an hour, though at the very moment their guard was so directing them the British had already occupied the town, and the guard knew it, but wanted to devise a means of keeping the prisoners quiet and unsuspecting. We learned also to look out for signs of the nearness of the end, when we heard that prisoners who had experienced a very bad time for a considerable period

were given ham and eggs for breakfast during the last few days of their captivity; it was not long before such signs began to manifest themselves; we did not get any ham and eggs, but changes for the better in our condition followed one another with almost startling rapidity as our imprisonment began to draw to its close.

Early in April the Commandant suggested to Archdeacon Birley that if we cared to do so, we might go up to the native camp every Sunday morning to minister to our Christians there, and that without escort; we were naturally very delighted to avail ourselves of this permission, and it was a great boon to our people in the native camp; they had had a bad time, and very little to help them from a religious point of view, hitherto.

On Easter Eve the naval and military prisoners, together with all the civilians who had at any time attempted to escape, and two other civilians, who presumably were viewed with special suspicion by our gaolers, were warned that they were to be ready to start next day for Kilimatinde, and it leaked out that their eventual destination was Iringa, some twelve days' journey further south. This seemed a pretty clear indication that the Germans did not expect to hold Tabora very long, and that their intention was to leave us civilians behind for the British or the Belgians to pick up; but that they meant to hold on as long as they could to the service prisoners and those of the civilians against whom they thought they had special cause of complaint. The "safari" went off on Easter Sunday morning; five of the service prisoners were left behind by medical orders—one had lost a leg, a second was





THE LADIES' SLEEPING SHED AT TABORA





quite lame, two were badly broken in health, and one was in bed with a severe attack of fever—but several others certainly ought never to have been required to face a long journey, and the nurses tried vainly to get them left behind; we were not surprised to find later that three of them had died before reaching their destination.

Next day the whole of the prisoners from the Buigiri camp arrived (these were the people who had formerly been at Kiboriani, whence they had been moved *en bloc* to Buigiri some time before, in order to enable the Germans to use Kiboriani as a sanatorium); they were mostly missionaries, of whom a large proportion were ladies, and included a few married planters and others. Their journey had been a horrible one; after having been ordered to leave Buigiri at half an hour's notice, and hurried thence to the railway, they were placed for the night in the goods-shed at the station and kept there until late on the following afternoon—men, women, and over forty natives all huddled together in the same shed! I refrain from attempting to describe in detail the happenings of that night and of the day that followed it.

A week after the arrival of this party, the whole of the civilians who had been at Kilimatinde joined us at Tabora, while the service prisoners from the former place had been moved south to Iringa, where they would be joined by those who had left us on Easter Day; by this time neither Buigiri nor Kilimatinde were regarded as "safe," in view of the progress of the invasion from the northern border, hence these wholesale removals of the inmates who had been confined in those two camps. The con-

ditions of our life now began to change for the better in several directions, and that with some rapidity. All work was stopped except that which was necessary for the comfort and cleanliness of the camp, and as time went on, most of that was done by African and Indian prisoners, gangs being brought down from the native prison every day for the purpose. On May 18, the authorities suggested that the ladies might go and live in the town as prisoners on parole, merely reporting themselves twice a week at the office of the Commandant, and some discussion arose on this proposal; apart from the fact that there was a general disinclination to accept anything that seemed to be represented as a favour at such a very late stage of the proceedings, and when in all human probability our imprisonment could not last a great deal longer in any case, there were two difficulties in the way—the authorities at first expected that the ladies would be so pleased at the prospect of comparative freedom, after all their prison experiences, that they would be willing to pay all their own expenses outside; the ladies, however, considered that as the Government had brought them to Tabora against their wills, and had taken from them so much that would have been useful (and indeed necessary) to them, that the Government would have to go on keeping them as long as it required them to live there. This difficulty was soon settled, for as soon as the authorities understood that the ladies were not likely to undertake to maintain themselves, they promised to make the necessary arrangements without expense to the prisoners. But then another hitch arose; after some of the experiences through which they had

passed, they were not willing to go without some proper protection being assured to them, such as they would feel guaranteed to them by the presence of some of their male fellow-countrymen. After a few days even this was arranged, for the Sisters, together with two other ladies, were taken in by the Sisters of the Roman Mission, and a day or two later leave was given for one priest and one layman of the English Mission to go out and live at the school, and so look after five more ladies who were to be housed there.

Meanwhile, the men of the camp were invited to consider what amelioration of their lot they would desire, and we were informed that any concessions (short of complete freedom) for which we chose to petition the authorities would certainly be favourably considered; most of the prisoners were in two minds as to whether to be angry or amused at this extraordinary suggestion, coming as it did after such bullying as we had been obliged to endure for so long, but it was decided to return the following written answer to the Commandant: "The prisoners as a whole do not wish to make any suggestions for the amelioration of their lot, as their requests for improvements have in the past been either refused or ignored. After their treatment for the past twenty-one months, they do not think it wise to make any suggestions now. There are many conditions in the camp which are eminently unsatisfactory, but they do not wish to enter into particulars, as these must be evident to the guard." From which reply it may be judged that the prisoners were in a fairly independent frame of mind, as the result of their confidence in the certain (and

probably speedy) victory of British arms in the colony, and that consequently they need not be too careful in choosing their words so far as the Germans were concerned. The "powers that were" became not a little furious at the spurning of their kindness, and promised us that we should have to suffer as the result of our temerity, but two days later they increased our miserably inadequate bread allowance by fifty per cent.

Just before all this talk about concessions, a consignment of parcels arrived from Zanzibar; the cases which contained them were carefully unpacked, and their contents checked, and then we were told that nothing in the nature of food or tobacco might be given out to us; the Governor had ordered that, as an act of reprisal for the strictness of the British blockade, the food in the parcels was to be withheld from us, and all the tobacco was to be sent to Morogoro for distribution to the German troops. When the last had very nearly come to the last, so far as the German rule in Tabora was concerned, we again made application for these our goods which had been so unjustly withheld from us, and at last we were informed that the Governor had given permission for us to have the food parcels (cocoa, Bovril, etc.), and those which the Germans had not already stolen were duly handed out to us; but we never saw the tobacco again, and the Commandant said that it had been sent, in accordance with the orders he had received, to Morogoro.

On July 13 all the missionaries were called to the guard-room, and we found the Commandant in a great state of excitement as the result of a letter which he had received from the Governor, and which

stated that he (the Governor) had learned of the existence of a Convention, by which certain classes of civilians (1) women and girls, (2) doctors, (3) priests, (4) boys under seventeen and men over fifty-five and (5) civilians between seventeen and fifty-five who were physically unfit for military service, cannot be kept as prisoners of war. In accordance with this Convention, therefore, the Governor directed that all persons who belonged to these five classes should be set at liberty at once, and stated further that he was in communication with the British Commander as to the possibility of our being restored to British territory. It seemed remarkable that His Excellency should have received this information from Europe at this particular stage of the proceedings, after over two years of ignorance in the matter, and we may perhaps be excused for supposing that, had the invading columns been a few hundred miles further off, the letter which so much excited our Commandant would not have been written; but even so we were not too much disposed to look the gift-horse in the mouth over-critically under the circumstances. That same afternoon one party of the civilians, who, as we were now informed, were not prisoners of war, left the camp for the school, where they were to be accommodated until better and more comfortable arrangements could be made for them, and the rest followed on the following morning. Ten of the Mission teachers were allowed to come from the native camp to act as our "boys," and we were temporarily served with food from the camp-kitchen, pending an arrangement as to our rationing allowance. We were told that we were now quite free, and should therefore

not even have to report ourselves to the Commandant, though as soon as we were formally handed over by the military authorities to the care of the civil Government, we should probably have to present ourselves to the police of the town once a week, as the other free aliens were required to do. It was a curious sensation to be allowed to walk about whither we would and to do what we would, after so long a period of strict confinement and severe rule, and at first most of us felt a little shy and nervous when we walked about the town, but we managed to get over that and to take some much needed exercise, while naturally we were not a little excited as to the result of the negotiations which were said to be proceeding for our return to British soil. Of course we were now in a position to learn more as to what was going on in the colony than when we had been confined to the camp, and were firmly convinced that, whether we were handed over to the British or not, it would not be very long before we saw the Union Jack, even if we had to wait in Tabora as long as the town remained in German hands. Three days after our release we were instructed to go to the camp to draw from the cashier the balance of our money, which remained in the care of the Germans, and received, in lieu of our solid cash, the emergency notes locally known as "monkey money" because of their worthlessness. These notes, printed by the newspaper office for the Colonial Bank, were of varying values, from 500 rupees down to 1 rupee, and were supposed to carry Government guarantee, but even in the colony were held in very low esteem, and were subject to a considerable discount, because rumour had it that,





*The Motor Transport*

WITH THE BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT





as soon as the British or the Belgians arrived, they would become so much waste-paper, and in this case rumour was not very far wrong. We tried to avoid them by telling the authorities that we would rather not be paid, but wished to retain the receipts for our cash which had been taken until after the war, when we would claim compensation in the ordinary way; this attempt on our part was, however, altogether unsuccessful, and we were threatened that our evident reluctance to treat the "monkey money" as current coin would involve us in very serious trouble if we did not take care, as it was a reflection on the Government guarantee; so we had to make the best of a bad job, and were fortunate enough later on to get our point of view accepted by the Belgian authorities, who thereupon proceeded to collect the gold and silver in the possession of the German prisoners and to hand them in exchange the notes which they had previously unloaded on us when we were in their power.

Our first taste of freedom was only a taste after all, for after we had been out of the camp twelve days, we had an unexpected visit from the Governor's secretary late one afternoon; he told us that, with a view to the carrying out of the agreement with the British Government for our repatriation, it was necessary that we should be handed over by the civil authorities to the military authorities, who would in their turn hand us over to the British military authorities, and that therefore we must return to the camp at once. He assured us that in so doing we should not become prisoners, but that so long as we remained in the camp, neither we nor anyone else would be allowed to hold any communication

with the world outside. It appeared that the military authorities demanded that before being handed over to the British we should undergo a twenty-eight days' "quarantine" as a military precaution, and in order to prevent the possibility of our revealing military secrets to the English. So back to the camp we went, much to our disgust, though it must be admitted that during the weeks that followed we were granted certain privileges as a mark that we were not technically prisoners any longer; for example, we were allowed to have our "boys" in the camp with us, our boots were no longer taken away at night, we were not locked up at seven o'clock with the rest, but were allowed to remain outside in the courtyard till nine, and our money was not taken away from us again. When the period fixed for our "quarantine" expired, we were told that no answer had yet been received from the British Commander to the German proposals with regard to us, and were urged to sign a request to the camp authorities to be permitted to stay under their care until such time as the answer should arrive. This we naturally refused to do; few people could have been found to prefer the life of the camp to that of comparative freedom, which we were assured was our right, and we were afraid that, if we signed the document suggested to us, it was more than possible that it might be used later on as a proof that the camp conditions were so good that we preferred them to life outside; we had learned by sad experience that a very considerable amount of canniness is necessary in dealing with Germans, and that one needs to be more than ordinarily suspicious of their motives when they seem to be most altruistic. I

may say that we never solved the mystery of the so-called "negotiations for repatriation;" the full story as it was presented to us by the Germans is too long for production here, but it seemed to become more and more improbable and fantastic as it went on; at last even those of us who had believed in the genuineness of these "negotiations" lost the faith we had, and were driven to agree with the rest, who had declared from the first that they were entirely fictitious. The purpose of the fiction was not so easy to determine; there was without doubt considerable friction between the German military and civil authorities, and it is at least possible that the story was a means of getting us back into the prison camp and of keeping us there with some show of excuse. However that may have been, we were all out again by August 26, living this time in a good deal more comfort than after our first release; houses were provided for us at Government expense, and furnished with a most liberal hand; servants were sent us from the native prison camp, an arrangement which was an even greater boon to the "boys" than it was to us (well as they served us), for it involved freedom and kind treatment in lieu of the reverse; a generous allowance was made by the civil administration for our maintenance, and we were assured that so strong was the Governor's desire that we should live in a "style in accordance with our social position" that, if the allowance proved insufficient, his secretary would see that it should be increased. The anxiety of the authorities for our comfort and general well-being was now manifested in several directions, of which a single instance shall suffice; I met the secretary of the Governor one after-

noon shortly after leaving the camp; as I was walking down one of the principal roads of the town, he was tooling along in his rickshaw with a plentiful supply of boys in uniform before and behind, and when he caught sight of me, he jumped out, and, saluting me most politely, inquired whether we were quite comfortable in our new surroundings. My assurance, decided, even though perhaps not too enthusiastic, did not appear to satisfy him, and he murmured something about bathrooms, of which we had not too plentiful a supply; he informed me that the Deputy-Governor had placed the Director of Public Works at our disposal for the work which was necessary, and asked me, in case that official should not come promptly to see us on the subject, not to fail to send for him. The Director of Public Works came without any undue delay, and then new baths began to arrive—a very fine full-length zinc bath, and two shower-baths—but they were never placed in position, for the Belgians had taken the town before the necessary alterations were complete—a fairly conclusive proof of the fact, which afforded us no little amusement, that the repentance of the German authorities, so far as we were concerned, though far more complete than we had expected, was, to say the least of it, a little late in the day.

Before we had been released from the camp for the first time, the prisoners had often talked of the iniquity of their treatment by the Germans, and the desirability of taking some steps to bring the whole matter to the attention of the British authorities, in order that the officials who were most guilty in the matter might be punished, and that something should be done to ensure the safeguarding of British

prestige, which seemed to have suffered not a little from the action of the Germans. It was felt that we ought to be ready with some sort of statement, which might be handed to the first British officer with whom we could get in touch when the long expected and eagerly awaited "day" should arrive, and a plebiscite of the camp was held for the election of a committee to deal with the matter. This committee consisted ultimately of six members (at first there had been seven, but one member, who was an Italian, resigned as soon as the Italians decided to draw up a statement of their own and to present it to their Foreign Office)—two planters, two missionaries, a lawyer, and a traveller who had been passing through the country at the time war was declared; it decided to draw up a petition to the General Officer Commanding British Forces in the Colony, praying for an inquiry into the treatment of prisoners by the Germans, and for such measures against offenders as he might think fit. The petition was made in the name of Archdeacon Woodward, (who, as the chairman of the prisoners' committee, and a forty-two years' resident in the country, seemed to everyone the proper person for the purpose), and was accompanied by a schedule of some twenty typical cases of cruelty, etc., each of which was certified by a sworn declaration attached to the schedule. A good deal of care was necessary to prevent these documents falling into the hands of the Germans, and many were the ruses adopted while we were still in the camp to keep them hidden; the guards seemed to have an inkling that something of the sort was either being done, or at least likely to be done, but fortunately they were not able

to verify their suspicions, and when we left the camp of course concealment was not so difficult. In due course the petition was handed to General Sir Charles Crewe, who undertook to see that it should reach General Smuts. The Italian statement, which was a most imposing document of well over a hundred foolscap pages, and was illustrated by photographs of life in the camp (which one of the Italians had managed to secure without the knowledge of the Germans), was presented to one of their Consuls for transmission to the Foreign Minister, and a copy was given to Archdeacon Woodward as a token of their appreciation of the part that he had taken in the matter of the British petition.

A pleasing feature of our last few weeks in Tabora was the exceeding kindness we received from the Bishop of Tabora, the local head of the Roman Mission of the White Fathers. Mention has already been made of the arrangement by which our Sisters were received into the convent, an arrangement which had only been possible by reason of his generosity; both at that time and afterwards, when the rest of us were living outside the camp, his most generous kindness never failed, and we all retain a lively and grateful memory of this chivalrous and high-hearted Christian gentleman. A German by nationality, he is an Alsatian by birth; he made a point of calling upon us, accompanied by several of his Fathers, as soon as we were released from prison, although prudence would no doubt have counselled a less public demonstration of his sympathy, and from that time onward, until we left the scene of our captivity, he treated us always as his friends and brothers.



When it became evident that the arrival of the army that would relieve us was only a matter of days, there was much keenness on the part of the non-German population to provide themselves with flags with which to welcome the British and the Belgians whenever they should come, and in those days we were by no means sure as to which force was likely to arrive first; we Britishers of course rather hoped that we should be rescued by our own people, though we felt on the other hand that we should not be at all sorry for the Belgians to "get their own back" to this extent, that they should take from the Germans the capital of their most cherished colony. In preparation for the great day we made a very fine Union Jack—of which we were not a little proud in that it was, unlike so many which were displayed in the town in due course, really correct—out of somewhat unlikely material—to wit, a blue skirt, a white apron, and a red silk cushion-cover; the Goanese traders of the town managed to produce quite a large quantity of bunting, from which, at enormously high prices, they proceeded to make Italian flags, French flags, Belgian flags (these were a difficulty, because the necessary yellow material was hard to come by), and the flags of any other of the Allies which happened to be in demand; their Union Jacks were perhaps the least satisfactory and the most expensive of all their efforts. Even the small Indian traders, and many of the Arab and African householders, got something of the nature of a flag ready to hang out when the opportunity should arrive, and the fact that all these preparations were made, as it were, under the very noses of the Germans added considerable zest

to those who were thus making ready to celebrate their downfall.

The element of comic opera was not wanting from some of the closing scenes. On Thursday, September 14 the end seemed to have come; we had heard the sound of guns for three days past, and had been awoken in the course of the night of the 13th-14th by a terrific bombardment, which continued almost incessantly till morning, and then we were able, just about dawn, to distinguish the sound of rifles, so we were not surprised by the rumour which obtained in the course of the afternoon to the effect that the Germans had been completely routed during the night, suffering considerable loss in killed and wounded. The military guards gave up control of the prisoners who were still left in camp in the course of the evening, and the civil authorities became responsible for them. The white flag was hoisted at the fort, and orders were issued to the troops that the town should be evacuated during the night; every arrangement was made for sending out a *parlementaire* with a white flag early in the morning, for the handing over of the town. But first thing the following morning all these measures were reversed; the white flag was hauled down again, the town filled up once more with German and native troops, all apparently went on as if there were no enemy troops within fifty miles. It subsequently transpired that the Germans, having suffered defeat at the hands of the Belgians to the north of the town during the night and early morning, had been reinforced in the course of the afternoon, and had succeeded in throwing the Belgians back from the advanced position which they had



*The crew of the*

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE BELGIANS



seized a little earlier in the day; on the strength of this slight temporary success the General had countermanded the orders for evacuation which he had already issued, and had determined to hold out to the last. The last touch of comedy was afforded by the fact that this reversal of orders previously given was rendered possible by a slight accident on the railway after the evacuation had actually begun; a cow had strayed on to the line, with the result that a truck had been upset and the rail blocked for some time; before the obstruction had been cleared, the original orders had been countermanded.

However, as we fully anticipated, the respite was not to be for long, and, after two small defeats on Sunday and Monday, our friends the enemy really did evacuate the place in the course of Monday night; after all, the Belgians were not to be afforded the opportunity of entering the capital over the dead body of the German General—often though he had vowed that they should never enter it in any other way; the “holding out to the last man,” of which we had heard so much, was somewhat liberally interpreted when it came to the point, and it was just as well for our sakes that the Germans elected to run rather than to fight, for, as we were soon to learn, the Belgians had no idea that there were any prisoners in the town, and were prepared to knock it to pieces if the Germans had continued to show fight.

The entry of the Belgian Army, which began on Tuesday morning, September 19, found the town *en fête*; everyone was in his best clothes making holiday, and the display of flags in every direction surprised us, though we had known of the wholesale way in which people had been getting them ready

for the previous fortnight. Freedom was in the air; the dwellers in the prison camps—Europeans, Indians, and Africans—bore witness to it, as they walked about the town, congratulating one another on their changed condition; Greeks and other neutrals, Arabs and Africans, were wreathed in smiles, though some of the natives were a little fearful of what might be done by the cannibal Congolese, of whose frightfulness they had heard so much from their late German masters; but probably there was not a single soul in Tabora that day (except those of German blood, who kept very much out of sight) who was not heartily thankful that the long-continued tyranny had come to an end, and hoped with all his heart that it had gone never to return.

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## CHAPTER VII

### THE FUTURE OF "GERMAN" EAST AFRICA

THE consideration of the matters dealt with in the preceding chapters leads almost inevitably to the thought of the future, and we find ourselves faced by the question, "What is going to happen to the colony after the war?" And here we are met with a striking unanimity of opinion on the part of all Britishers who have any real claim to be heard in the matter—all, that is to say, who possess the necessary knowledge and experience for forming a sound judgment; the soldiers, who have fought to free the country from the German yoke, and who in the course of a long campaign have had some experience of how the Germans have acted towards their native subjects; the administrators, who have lived long in the neighbouring lands; the settlers, who have suffered German oppression; the missionaries, whose first care has been, and is, the true welfare of the native population. All are agreed in saying with one voice, though speaking from different points of view, that the "accursed flag" (as one of our South African Generals has stigmatized the German tricolour) must never again fly in the land which Germans have so cruelly oppressed.

They urge, with somewhat varying emphasis, three reasons for the conclusion at which they have



unanimously arrived, and all three are worthy of very serious consideration by all lovers of truth and justice; these reasons are as follows:

1. British prestige, which would suffer a severe blow if the country were to be handed back to Germany.

2. The cause of Christian Missions.

3. The welfare of the native population.

Personally, I consider the last named the most important of the three, but I am aware that others, who are well qualified to speak, would be disposed to regard the question of British prestige as more vital; as a matter of fact, all the reasons above named are much more interdependent than might appear at first sight to those who have no first-hand acquaintance with the conditions of life in East Africa.

I propose now to consider these three arguments in some detail, and then to glance at what may be said on the other side of the question.

It should be clear, to those who have followed my narrative with any care, that much of the ill-treatment which we prisoners suffered was the result of a carefully calculated policy on the part of the German authorities, who wished to do all in their power to damage the prestige of the British and their Allies in the eyes of the native population, and we were not left without indications that this policy was successful, at least up to the time when the tide began to turn in military matters. News travels fast and far in Africa, and the enslavement of the English by the Germans became the subject of wondering and excited discussion in districts removed by hundreds of miles from the prison camps. It is

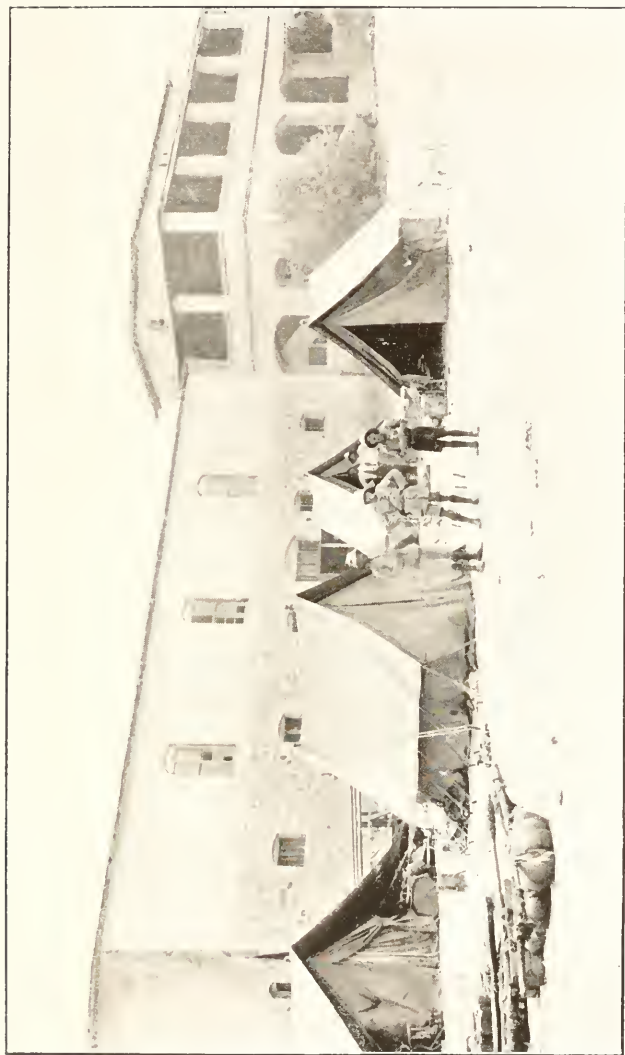
true that the tables were to some extent turned as time went on, but it may be doubted whether this turning of the tables produced as much effect upon African opinion as might have been expected, for the Germans, with their accustomed foresight, had done their best to prepare the natives for their own withdrawal and for the (temporary ?) occupation of the colony by the British and Belgian forces. Some time before that withdrawal became necessary they took care to warn the Africans that they would soon be going to fight the enemies of their Emperor elsewhere, that they would be absent for some months, and that then they would return to take summary vengeance on all those who had failed in loyalty during their absence, and to drive all Englishmen from their land for ever. Knowing the African as I do, I was even astonished at the effect of this clever move upon native opinion; after the flight of the German army from Tabora we were repeatedly asked whether it was true that the English would leave the colony at the end of the war, and abandon the people to German tyranny again; I well remember how surprised I was that an intelligent Zanzibari, who had himself lived under British rule, but whom circumstances had brought into the colony before the outbreak of war, had been so awed by German bullying that he was altogether disposed to accept the German version of what was happening and what would happen in the future. We did our best to reassure the frightened natives, and appeared to some extent to succeed in our endeavour, but I am convinced that it would be difficult to estimate at its full value the harm that our prestige would suffer in Africa, if, after all, the words of the Germans

should come true, and the English be again (as it would most certainly appear to the African mind) "driven from the land."

I am aware that the words "British prestige" have an ominous sound (and that perhaps deservedly) to some ears, because they have sometimes been used in an unworthy sense to cover some Jingoistic design or policy, but there is no doubt that in the East they have stood—generally speaking at any rate—for a high and noble thing; British prestige out there speaks of British justice and British honour, and speaking in no lower sense than this, I say that British prestige would suffer if we were to allow the German flag to fly in East Africa again. This will appear more clearly when we come to consider that the welfare of the African people urges us to take up the burden that is being laid upon us in this once German land; it is sufficient to say here that the German threats of retaliation for the help and friendliness which the Africans have shown to us, and the promise of freedom which our present occupation holds out, alike demand that for the sake of our prestige we shall render those threats nugatory by fulfilling to the African the promise which, whether we realize it or not, we seem to him to be making now.

We pass now to consider the question from the point of view of Christian Missions, and it may be noted that I do not limit my argument to Missions which are English; the principal Missions at work in German East Africa before the war were as follows:

1. The English Missions of the U.M.C.A. and the C.M.S.





2. Roman Catholic Missions of the "White Fathers," the "Black Fathers," and the Benedictines.

3. German Lutheran Missions.

Of the Roman Catholic Missions, only that of the Benedictines, a relatively small one, which only worked in the south of the colony, could be regarded as German; both the White Fathers and the Black Fathers are essentially French (and are known by the natives as the "French Religion"). These French Missions would certainly be threatened with difficulty, even if not with destruction, by a return of the German administration. The Lutheran Missions are very much more industrial than evangelistic, and have only a comparatively small number of Christians attached to them.

We are of course most interested in the English Missions, which were working in the country for more than twenty years before the Germans set up their Government there, and to whose good work abundant testimony has been borne in the past by such diverse friends of Africa as Sir Rider Haggard, Sir H. H. Johnston, who has kindly written a foreword to the present volume, Professor Meinhof (of the School of Oriental Languages in Berlin), and one Government official after another. When the Germans first came into the country, practically everyone who could read or write, every boy who knew a trade, had been taught by the English Missions, and in pre-war days both settlers and functionaries bore frequent witness to the debt due to the missionaries for their work. Clergy and teachers had been carefully trained, schools and churches and hospitals had been built, and so the strong founda-

tions of a native Church had been laid, whose members, be it well remembered, were always among the most loyal of the subjects of the State; their Christianity taught them the duty of loyalty, even though it may not be altogether denied that at times they looked, some of them, with envious eyes at those of their friends or brothers who enjoyed the justice and freedom from oppression secured to them under British rule. Now we see that, humanly speaking, all this work would be threatened with destruction if German rule were to return to the land; it is exceedingly unlikely that under such circumstances British subjects would be able to live and work there at least for many years to come, while even were permission for such work to be granted (which is in the highest degree improbable) it is practically certain, judging from their recent experiences, that life would be made unbearable for the native adherents of the Mission. Little wonder, then, that the missionaries, men who have steadily held to their principle of never interfering in matters political, are now clamouring that, for the sake of their work and of their people, the country so recently German shall be British for the time to come.

*For the sake of their people:* that brings me to the third point, which, as I have already said, seems to me the most important; the Africans, who will have to live in their own land whatever happens, are the folk most worthy the consideration of all who talk of freedom and justice in connection with the settlement. There cannot be the smallest doubt as to what the African would say if it were to be possible to consult him in the matter; one of them who speaks for many of his brothers wrote the other



day as follows: "For many years we longed to be under English rule, and Almighty God knew this, and now His time is fulfilled for bringing new light. Peace under the Germans helped us in many ways, but there was much oppression, some of which you have heard, and our cry rose up to God." A Government Blue Book has placed on record, for all who care to read it, some of the horrible atrocities of which the Germans have been guilty in the Cameroons and in South-West Africa, and this record alone is sufficient to show how utterly unfit they have proved themselves to rule a weak and defenceless people; their policy of "frightfulness" on the west coast was only of a piece with their cruelties on the east. The brutality shown towards the unfortunate native clergy and teachers of the English Missions might perhaps have been regarded as the result of suspicions attaching to them from their connection with the English missionaries, were it not for the fact that it can be matched, and indeed surpassed, by the brutality displayed to other natives who could not be so regarded. The wholesale killing of the unfortunate porters who, in spite of vigorous floggings, were too exhausted to stagger along with their loads, provoked strong comment from one at least of their own officers; General Smuts has told us that he shudders to think of the fate that would await the Africans if the Germans were ever to come back, and we feel that in so saying he speaks words of truth and soberness. We hear of mutilations which seem to have been the result of a cruelty that was altogether wanton, and we know of massacres in districts occupied for a short time by an English advance guard and then reoccupied

by Germans, the only excuse for which was that the people had been glad to see the English troops, and in some cases had consented to sell them food—as if they could have refused to do so, even if they had wished! And, knowing what we know, we are fain to shudder, with General Smuts, at the very idea of the heartless abandonment of these people to the vengeance of the tyrant, who has shown himself, in Africa as in Europe, so devoid of the finer human qualities, and so frightful in the abuse of power.

I have heard three arguments on the other side: *Germany*, we are sometimes told, *must have opportunities for expansion*. Presumably this means that she needs colonies to which her surplus population may emigrate, and that to deprive her of her colonies would be something like interfering with a natural law, and so would be to invite another great catastrophe in the not distant future. This line of argument is certainly not justified by actual conditions, for the non-official European population of the whole of the German Colonial Empire hardly equals that of a moderate-sized provincial town; as a matter of fact, the German, when he emigrates, very seldom chooses a country which flies his own flag; he goes as a rule to America, North and South, to the South Africa of the Union or to some other “foreign” country. In these “foreign” countries there are millions of German blood, while those of the German colonies are only a mere handful; for he looks for freedom when he goes abroad. We do not yet perhaps realize as fully as we might that the dream of a great German Colonial Empire is largely political, and only indirectly economic; so far as Africa



FREE AGAIN! MARCHING TO MUANZA



is concerned at any rate, it looks, not merely or chiefly for opportunities of emigration, but for the hegemony of the continent, and it is with this in view that Germany is prepared to make great sacrifices, if need be, for the retention of her East African colony.

It is urged, again, that Germany must not be deprived of her colonies on the ground of *abstract justice*, though to those who know the facts it is difficult to believe that such an argument can be seriously meant. Justice involves retribution, and retributive justice certainly cries loudly for the fitting punishment of those rulers who have wronged so cruelly their subject peoples. In the name of outraged justice, as in that of humanity, we demand the freedom of Belgium and of Serbia; justice and humanity alike demand of us that we shall keep the African peoples free from the German yoke.

Once more, there are those who tell us that when the war is over we must allow Germany to rule East Africa again, in order to show ourselves *truly magnanimous to a fallen foe*; needless to say, those who so speak are people who know nothing of East Africa, unless indeed it be from books. Magnanimity is a noble virtue, but, like many other virtues, it is sometimes assumed as a cloak by masquerading vice, and a peculiarly poisonous kind of selfish sentimentality sometimes calls itself by this name. True magnanimity involves sacrifice, and that of one's self and not of others; selfishness is generally ready to sacrifice other people, and that is why, it seems to me, that the handing back of any African colony to Germany would be of the nature of selfishness, and

not magnanimity at all. Let those who would be magnanimous at the expense of the African put themselves and those they love the best into the grip of the German, and we shall perhaps be able to recognize their sincerity, even though we may deplore their folly.

The African is, at the moment, passionately pro-English, and (though perhaps less violently so) also pro-Christian, because, judging us better than we deserve, he regards the English as the champions of Christianity. There is some reason in his view; it is the result of his own somewhat limited experience. The German to him is just an heathen, who is less regardful than most heathen of his tribal rites, and in the course of this war he has heard this careless heathen proclaim himself as the champion of Islam, and he has seen this heathen champion of Islam engaged in persecuting the Christians, especially those in any way connected with the English, until at last the persecution ceased because he was defeated and driven from the land.

He has but little reason, this African of the German colonies, to love or respect his late rulers, and he welcomes the coming of the English, of the justice of whose rule he has often heard from the men of his own blood who live under the Union Jack; by nature he admires strength and despises weakness, and is therefore ready to range himself on the side of the Christian conquerors, as in his simplicity he deems them to be. Here, then, is our opportunity as a nation and as a Church; shall we be able to rise to it and to use it, as we ought, for God and humanity? or shall we allow it to pass into the limbo of wasted chances, because we are too blind to recog-

nize it, too careless to seize it, or too selfish to serve by its means those who are perhaps too weak and too poor to make their gratitude of much immediate material account to those whom they recognize as their benefactors ?







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